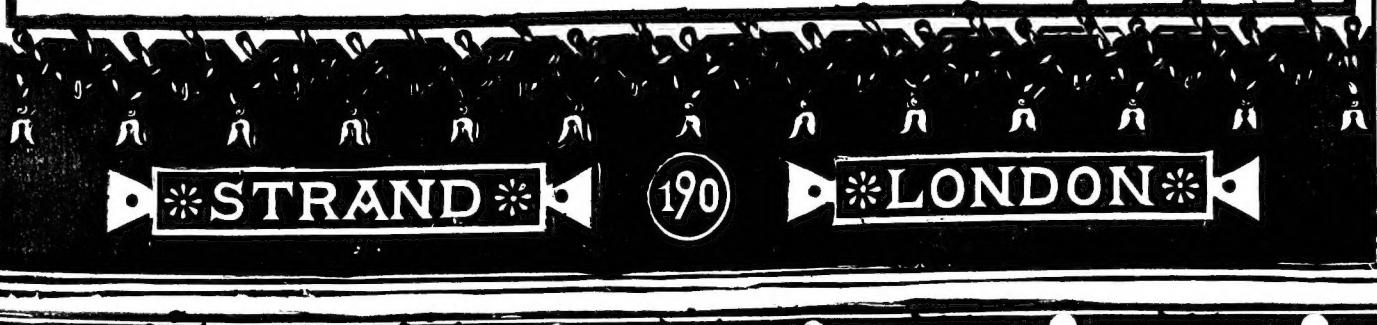


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No. 1,573

JANUARY 20, 1900

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

1,573.—VOL. LXI.] EDITION
as a Newspaper] DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1900

WITH EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT
"For Their Country's Cause"

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post, 9½d.



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

General Wauchope, it will be remembered, was killed while leading the Highland Brigade at the battle of Magersfontein. After that fight, which proved so disastrous to the Highland Brigade, the body of the General was buried on the field of battle, and just behind his grave were laid fifty of the Highlanders whom he had led. Later on, however, his body was exhumed and sent by train to Matjesfontein, in Cape Colony,

where it was buried with full military honours in a beautifully situated cemetery four miles from the village. Our illustration shows the Highlanders placing the coffin containing the body of their beloved chieftain into the train at Magersfontein for conveyance south

A HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN'S FUNERAL: PLACING THE BODY OF GENERAL WAUCHOPE IN THE TRAIN AT MAGERSFONTEIN

Topics of the Week

The Attack on the Government DURING the last few days there has been a subsidence of the hysterical attempt to manufacture a sort of impeachment of the Government for their alleged mismanagement of the war in South Africa. The anxiety aroused by

the military events in Natal has necessarily drowned all factious cries, though we doubt whether at any time there was any solid reality behind their somewhat juvenile cadences. We have no desire to say a word which might galvanise into a semblance of life a movement so alien to the character and traditions of Englishmen. But there is one practical consideration which the movement suggests, and on which it may not be unprofitable to dwell for a moment. Those who imagine that their attack on the Government might result in the formation of a new Cabinet of a National rather than a Party character are woefully miscalculating the operation of the British political machine. When changes of this kind come about they must necessarily be decided on the lines on which the public are accustomed to act, and those lines are purely Party lines. The idea that by discrediting a Government one can stimulate into life a Party which has no existence, to the prejudice of a living and historical Opposition eager and ready to seize the seals of office, can only occur to people of a crude enthusiasm. Whatever is done to damage the present Government must strengthen their official opponents and add to the credentials with which they court the constituencies. Now, if this is to be the result of the movement so sedulously cultivated in certain quarters during the last few weeks, we venture to think that nothing more deplorable could happen to the country. We express this opinion, not because of any Party prepossession, but simply because, on the merits of the case presented to us by our *patriots*, the change would, in their own sense of the term, be very much for the worse. Whatever the shortcomings of the Government in the present war, the Opposition cannot be acquitted of all responsibility. In the first place, the whole Transvaal Question is a heritage from the Liberal Party. But for the policy of Majuba, on which Lord Kimberley has lately let in so much valuable light, there would be no war in South Africa to-day. In the second place, if the military measures which have been taken are inadequate, do we not know for a certainty that the system now held responsible for these inadequate measures is one which is inexplicably dear to the Leader of the Opposition, who, if he had had his way, would have made the measures more inadequate still? We may, indeed, be absolutely certain that if the present war had broken out under the auspices of a Liberal Cabinet—and it would have broken out under any Cabinet which synchronised with the psychological moment as understood in Pretoria—the result would have been far more disastrous to the British arms than it has been so far. But this is not the only consideration which weighs with us. We look back over the history of the present Government during the last five years, and we find that during the whole of that period they have been engaged in solving serious difficulties bequeathed to them by Liberal Cabinets. They came into office with the Armenian and Cretan Questions in a state of crisis. They passed to the Jameson Raid, the Siamese and Niger Questions, the trouble in the Soudan, the Fashoda difficulty, and the Far Eastern embroilment. Everyone of these grave difficulties was a bequest from the Liberals. Surely it would not be wise to court a revival of such crises. So far Lord Salisbury has dealt very successfully with his *damnosa hereditas*, and we see no reason for doubting that the South African problem will also yield to his statesmanship. At any rate we shall not improve our chances of an eventual triumph by strengthening just those forces which are primarily responsible for our present troubles and indeed for all our international difficulties since 1895.

The Tsar Speaks THE outside world has not cause to regret the long-continued and sharp rivalry between Count Muravieff and M. de Witte, since it has been the cause of producing from the Tsar what may be called an autocratic peace manifesto. Up to

the date of this latest Imperial pronouncement it seemed doubtful whether the Minister of Foreign Affairs, while making pretence of accommodating his department to the exigencies of the Finance Minister, would not continue those military activities in Asia which so greatly please the war party of whom he is the idol. In fine, while no one questioned the sincerity of the Emperor's professions of peaceful desire, those acquainted with the enormous power wielded by the bureaucracy in Russia doubted whether his benevolent designs would not be baffled by the astute and ambitious heads of the War Office. Indeed, it was more than whispered among diplomats that there was a "shadow behind the throne" which even the Tsar dared not affront. There should be no more of that malign talk; in his highly complimentary Rescript to Count Muravieff, the Emperor almost goes out of his way to make it clear that he is fully resolved to be master in his own house. While thanking the War Minister for his past services, the writer bases this expression of gratitude on the ability with which the Count has carried out his orders "with the object of securing a pacific settlement of the complex problems of external policy." The Tsar could not possibly have combined firmness with delicacy more

admirably, when thus putting a too pushing Minister into his proper place as one among many instruments to give effect to his master's purposes. And as those purposes are peaceful, Count Muravieff would act wisely to take the hint, and to co-operate with M. de Witte in banishing the general mistrust which so deeply injures Russia's financial credit.

Univers:1 Marksman-ship THE North London Rifle Club holds out a tempting vision of British marksmanship in the future which every patriotic mind would rejoice to see realised. Whether the people of this kingdom are, as has been alleged, the worst shots, taking them collectively, among all European nationalities may, perhaps, be open to question. But it would be absurd to pretend that our skill with the rifle can be compared for a moment with that of our archer forefathers. Yet the Briton of to-day is not physically inferior in any respect to the Briton of the Middle Ages; the only difference is that the nation has not collectively taken up with the new weapon as it did with the old. There is much, therefore, to be said for the contention of the North London Club that kindred organisations would soon spring up all over the kingdom if the State gave furtherance and encouragement to the movement by providing ranges and ammunition. There are numbers of young and middle-aged men who, for one reason or another, cannot see their way to join the Volunteers. But they might be found willing to take up with rifle-shooting as a pastime, just as they do with cricket, football and rowing. If that happened, the country would possess a large body of highly skilled marksmen who, although not subject to any conditions of military service, might be safely trusted to do soldiers' work in any national emergency. There is something in the mere handling of a rifle which begets martial feeling; while the North London Club has furnished a considerable contingent of recruits to the Imperial Volunteers, the Victoria and St. George's Rifles, which began its distinguished career as a shooting club, has displayed its patriotism to a still greater extent in the same manner.

The Court

LIFE at Osborne is very quiet and uneventful just now. Princess Beatrice and her children are the only members of the Royal Family with the Queen, while occasional visitors to dinner and some music from Her Majesty's private band form the sole breaks in the ordinary routine. The Queen has held a Council and received Sir Stafford Northcote to kiss hands on his appointment as Governor of Bombay. The Dean of Gloucester has also been staying at Osborne from Saturday to Monday to preach before the Royal party on Sunday.

As Governor of the Isle of Wight, Princess Beatrice shows most practical interest in the doings of the islanders. Having presided over the recent meeting towards assisting the local contingent of the Imperial Yeomanry going to the war, the Princess inspected the men just before they left Newport. The contingent—forty-seven strong—were assembled before the Town Hall when the Princess drove up with her eldest son, Prince Alexander. Having greeted the commander, Captain Seeley, the Princess walked along the ranks, making many inquiries as she passed. Then she stopped and spoke a few words to the men, conveying the Queen's gratitude for their loyalty, the men responding with hearty cheers for the Queen and Princess. Farewells followed, the Princess and her boy left for Osborne, and the men at once boarded the steamers, which took them to their starting point—Southampton. The Princess further helped the Isle of Wight War Fund by attending a performance of *The Golden Legend* at West Cowes, where the profits were devoted to the fund.

Another of the sad anniversaries now unfortunately frequent in our Royal Family fell on Sunday—the eighth anniversary of the death of the Duke of Clarence. The Prince and Princess of Wales and family spent the day together at Sandringham, the Prince of Wales having returned from town on the previous evening. The Prince and Princess were at Sandringham Church in the morning, when the preacher was Canon Dalton, formerly tutor to the Duke of Clarence.

Brief as was the Duke of Connaught's visit to Ireland, he got through a great deal of work in a short time. He was sworn in a member of the Irish Privy Council, inspected the 4th Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders leaving for the war, and made various appointments for his new command. He is now at Bagshot completing the final arrangements for his absence in Ireland. This has been a birthday week in the Connaught family. Prince Arthur, the Duke and Duchess's only boy, was seventeen on Saturday, and Princess Margaret, their elder daughter, kept her eighteenth birthday on Monday.

The Midlands have welcomed Princess Christian this week, when the Princess went down to Leamington to open the new Victoria wing of the Wharncliffe Hospital, erected as a Jubilee memorial. Princess Christian was the guest of Lord and Lady Warwick at Warwick Castle, where she arrived to lunch on Wednesday. The first item in the programme was an inspection of Lady Warwick's Home for Crippled Children at Emscote, whence the Princess drove to Leamington to be greeted by the Mayor at the Town Hall with an address of welcome. The Princess then proceeded to the hospital, and, after the usual ceremonial, declared the new wing open.

During her recent short visit to England the Duchess of Albany took the opportunity to inquire into the state of all the various charities and philanthropic movements for which she worked so energetically whilst living amongst us. One of her greatest interests was the Deptford Fund, so the Duchess, with her son and daughter, made a surprise visit to the Albany Institute, Deptford, where they went over the building and inspected all the arrangements. The scholars then cooked luncheon for the Royal party, who were delighted with the meal.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTIE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

THOSE of us who have had experience of suburban lines, and know what it is to have to travel in a first-class compartment with eighteen people and two or three stout men standing on our toes for half an hour, will be duly grateful to Mr. Curtis Bennett for the opinion he expressed on the subject of overcrowding the other day. It is highly satisfactory to learn that if we are in a carriage that is full we have "a legal and moral right to keep the door closed to prevent the carriage from being overcrowded, and the sooner the public understand that the better." If the public do understand it will be an excellent thing, but I am afraid there is little understanding left in the public when it wants to get home by a late train on Sunday night. It seems to me that there will be a good many angry words and fierce struggles over that door, and the passengers, in defending their rights, will be doing the work that belongs to the servants of the railway company. Unless someone inside the carriage has a key and locks the door it is difficult to see how it can be kept closed against determined intruders. And an intruder might also have a key, and then the struggle might be renewed with increased vigour. It is, however, satisfactory to know the law on the subject, but we want the railway companies servants to see that it is carried out as strictly as the police prevent the overcrowding of omnibuses.

It is a great satisfaction to me to find that my remarks with regard to the matinée hat during the holiday season still bring forth letters of approval. Among the many pleasant comments on my protest I may quote one by Miss Una in the *Gentlewoman*. She says:—"Now, ladies, I know perfectly well that compulsion will only produce revolt, but out of kindness of heart and from memory of your childhood's days will you not listen to the 'Bystander' and remove your hats when attending morning performances? As an act of grace on your part, I pray you, put yourself to inconvenience for the sake of others. I know it is a bother, but surely you should take the trouble upon yourselves rather than spoil the day for other people—little people, too—whose visits to the theatre are few and far between." It is sincerely to be hoped this touching appeal may have some effect, and cause some diminution in the impudent screens that have hitherto obscured our view of the stage. Already I fancy there is a little improvement. I went to the morning performance of a pantomime with some young people recently, and I must say we had an excellent view of everything that was going on.

The custom of signed table-cloths for special dinner-parties is, I hear, likely to be fashionable. That is to say, the guests write their names in pencil, and the autographs are subsequently embroidered in facsimile of the writing, so that, in spite of washing, they become permanent. This idea would be very valuable at any special banquet of celebrities, and would form a valuable record of the occasion. The notion, however, is by no means a new one. A small and exclusive dining club, of which I have the honour to be a member, has for years past used an autographed table-cloth. This was presented by an earnest and enthusiastic member, who also undertook the by no means easy task of having the embroidery accomplished. This cloth is covered with autographs, devices, coats of arms, monograms, mottoes, and quaint designs, and the time is not far distant when there will be no space for any further signature. As it is, it is one of the most remarkable table-cloths to be seen throughout London.

The nuisance of the open halfpenny envelope has, from its first introduction, been frequently commented upon in these columns. The custom is not only a nuisance, but frequently becomes a matter of serious inconvenience. This is clearly demonstrated by a letter in the *Times* the other day from Judge Kisby, who speaks of finding letters belonging to other people in open halfpenny envelopes, and having letters of importance delayed on account of their being taken out of their proper course by this medium. His Honour most appositely remarks, "These open envelopes constitute an undoubted postal danger." Indeed they do. I myself sent a packet containing a series of important papers that became engulfed in one of these gaping abominations, and remained in Scotland for a fortnight unopened because the recipient saw it was an advertisement. He courteously forwarded my letter to its destination, but it was only a mere chance that saved the packet from the flames. Had this been the case it would have been impossible to trace it, and a large number of people would have been put to serious inconvenience.

When are the official crossing-sweepers, for whom I have so frequently inquired, to be appointed? During the last week or two I fancy everybody has been anxiously looking for them. Seldom have we had such horrible weather, and never in the course of a long experience have I seen the streets of London in such a filthy condition. The crossing-sweepers disappeared—as they generally do in muddy weather—and the British Public was left to wade through a perfect Slough of Despond. It was treated to a gratuitous mud-bath, it was splashed out of all recognition, and it came to the conclusion that London was the very worst-scavenged city in the whole of the civilised world. One would very much like to know who is to blame for this disgraceful state of things.

THE WAR.

"THE DAILY GRAPHIC"

is now receiving

by every Mail from South Africa,

Photographs from its Special Photographers

AND

Sketches from its Special Artists,

And much interesting material from many Officers with the different Armies.

A BUDGET OF WAR NEWS AND ILLUSTRATIONS FOR ONE PENNY.



For the Yeomanry volunteering in London, Precc's Riding School in Heneywood Street, Fulham Road, is the official examination room; and on nearly every morning during the past fortnight scenes of a particularly animated description have taken place. As many as eighty candidates have presented themselves in one morning, though the average number is about half this. They are of all ages and of many ranks in society. One cannot say that, on the whole, the men emerge from the riding tests satisfactorily, for except on one day—the day when the largest number came up for examination—it is only a minority who qualify. Twenty out of thirty-six were qualified on the occasion when the representatives of *The Graphic* attended. The examination, however, it must be said, though perhaps not exactly described as *severe*, is never-

theless one which is unusually trying to men who have not gained their experience through a riding school. The test is conducted partly with stirrups and partly without. Mounting a horse without stirrups is a difficult operation to a man who does not know the trick; and when, after getting through this test satisfactorily, the rider mounts a fresh horse with stirrups, he usually forgets in the flurry of the moment to shorten his stirrup leathers. The instruction and examination by Lieutenant Mullens, of the Middlesex Yeomanry, and Sergeant-Major Langley, is in good and experienced hands, and they are doing the best they can for the men. After the qualified candidates have passed the riding, medical, and shooting tests they are sent to a military riding school for a course of severe instruction.

NOT SO EASY AS IT LOOKS: CANDIDATES FOR THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY UNDERGOING THE RIDING TEST

DRAWN BY F. WHITING



The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, with the Lady Mayoress and a party of visitors, journeyed last Saturday from Waterloo to Southampton to bid farewell to the five hundred members of the City of London Imperial Volunteers, who were to leave on the liners *Briton* and *Garth Castle* for South Africa. After being welcomed at the station by the Mayor and Corporation of Southampton, the civic party went on board the *Briton*, where

lunch was served. A procession was then formed to the *Garth Castle*, on the deck of which a large number of the men were assembled. The Lord Mayor made a short speech, wishing the men good luck and a speedy return, and calling for cheers for the Queen. The men, as they listened to the Lord Mayor, presented a very smart appearance in their new uniforms, and it was generally thought the City might feel proud of its regiment.

LISTENING TO THE LORD MAYOR: THE CITY OF LONDON IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS ON THE SS. "GARTH CASTLE"

From a Photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

The stories told by refugees from the Transvaal are pitiful indeed. Many of them have lost not only their homes, but practically all their belongings. Homes, shops, and farms have been abandoned under threats of imprisonment with lashes. Every effort has been made in Natal and Cape Colony to deal with the difficult problem of what to do with these unfortunate victims of the war. Of the fund organised at the Mansion House, 100,000, has already been sent to South Africa for the relief of these hapless people. In our illustration a party of these refugees are seen sheltering among the rocks by the roadside near the town of Pietermaritzburg. No one was hurt, and it is satisfactory to learn that the women and children were sent to Pietermaritzburg.

THE REAL VICTIMS OF THE WAR: REFUGEES SEEKING SHELTER FROM SHELLS ON THE MOOI RIVER

FROM A SKETCH BY HENRY LEA



THE LATE CAPTAIN A. S. WINGATE
Died of wounds received at Magersfontein



THE LATE EARL OF AVA
Killed at Ladysmith



THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. DICK-CUNYNGHAM
Died of wounds received at Ladysmith



THE LATE MAJOR R. S. BOWEN
Killed at Ladysmith



THE LATE LIEUTENANT
Killed at Rensburg



THE LATE LIEUTENANT L. D. HALL
Killed at Ladysmith



THE LATE SECOND LIEUT. W. H. T. HILL
Killed at Ladysmith



THE LATE LIEUTENANT C. P. RUSSELL
Who died from enteric fever at Ladysmith



THE LATE LIEUTENANT A. V. WEST
Killed at Rensburg



THE LATE LIEUTENANT G. A. CALEY
Killed at Rensburg



THE LATE LIEUTENANT N. M. TOD
Killed at Ladysmith



THE LATE LIEUT. R. J. T. DIGBY-JONES
Killed at Ladysmith



THE LATE MAJOR MILLER-WALLNUT
Killed at Ladysmith



THE LATE SECOND LIEUT. F. H. RAIKES
Killed at Ladysmith



THE LATE LIEUTENANT G. A. CALEY
Killed at Rensburg

Victims of the War

MAJOR CLAUDE CHARLES MILLER-WALLNUT, who was killed in the battle at Ladysmith, was the only son of Mrs. Miller-Wallnut, Edinburgh, and was thirty-eight years of age. He served in the Egyptian War in 1882, and was at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. He was at El Teb and Tamai in the Soudan Expedition of 1884, served in the Nile Expedition in 1885, in the Chitral Relief Force, under Sir Robert Low, in 1895, and was present at the capture of the Malakand Pass, and at Dargai. Our portrait is by J. Yuille and Son, Irvine, N.B.

Captain Allan Siewright Wingate has died of wounds received at Magersfontein. He saw war service at Chitral in 1895, and was with the Relief Force at the storming of the Malakand Pass. He was also with the Tochi Field and Tirah Expeditionary Forces in the operations of 1897-8. Captain Wingate's first appointment bore date March, 1891. He became lieutenant of the Gordon Highlanders in 1893 and captain this year. He was only twenty-nine years of age, and was a first-class cricketer. Our portrait is by Lafayette, Dublin.

Lieutenant Cecil Arbuthnot White, killed in action at Rensburg, was born on August 17, 1874, and entered the Army from the Militia as a second lieutenant of the Suffolk Regiment on May 15, 1897, receiving his lieutenancy on March 22 of last year. Our portrait is by W. H. Broad, Dover.

Second Lieutenant Archibald Vivian West, 2nd Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment, who was killed at Rensburg, was the only son of Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick West and grandson of Admiral Sir John West, G.C.B. He was born in 1876, and served in the ranks for four years. In August, 1898, he was promoted to a second

lieutenancy in the Royal Berkshire Regiment. Our portrait is by Hepburn and Jeanes, Grahamstown.

Lieutenant Lewis Duval Hall, of the Rifle Brigade (Prince Consort's Own), who was killed at Ladysmith on January 6, was born on March 18, 1875, received his commission as a second lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade on August 23, 1897, from the Militia, obtaining his lieutenant's commission on October 22 last year. He took part in Lord Kitchener's expedition to Omdurman in 1898, and fought in the battle of Khartoum, for which service he gained the Egyptian clasp and medal. Our portrait is by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street.

Second Lieutenant William Henry Tucker Hill, of the 5th Lancers, killed in the defence of Ladysmith on January 6, was born on May 2, 1873, and entered the Army from the Militia on December 7, 1895. He was a senior sub-lieutenant of his regiment. Our portrait is by W. Watson Robertson, Pietermaritzburg.

Second-Lieutenant Francis Howard Raikes, killed in the defence of Ladysmith on January 6, of the 2nd Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps, was only twenty years of age, having been born on July 4, 1879. He entered the Army as a second lieutenant in his regiment on July 13, 1898. Our portrait is by W. Bates, Chertsey.

Major Robert Scarlett Bowen, 2nd King's Royal Rifles, killed in the defence of Ladysmith on January 6, would have been thirty-nine in March. He joined the Rifles in 1880, became major in April, 1898, and the present was his first campaign. Our portrait is by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

Lieutenant Seymour James Carey, of the 1st Battalion Suffolk Regiment, who was killed during General French's operations at

Rensburg in Cape Colony, on the 6th inst., joined the 2nd Battalion, 1895, as second lieutenant, and was gazetted in 1897. Lieutenant Carey served as chief of the Monofatsi district of Crete from November, 1898, and was mentioned in despatches for the services he rendered in that capacity.

Lieutenant Claude Ernest Mylne Walker, of the 1st Battalion Light Infantry, who was killed at Ladysmith on January 6, was born the last day of the year 1875, and entered the Army as a second lieutenant in the Somerset Light Infantry, from the December 1, 1897, receiving his lieutenant's commission last year. He also was engaged in the operations on the North-West Frontier of India in 1897-8 with the Tirah Force, for which he had the medal, with clasp. Our portrait is by Lanchester, Tunbridge Wells.

Lieutenant-Colonel Dick-Cunyngham, V.C., commanding 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders, who fell on January 6, in the defence of Ladysmith, came of a famous old Scottish family, which includes two baronetcies, that of Cunyngham, of Larkhall, Ayrshire, created in 1677, and Dick, of Prestonfield, of the 2nd Highlanders, which is now the 2nd Gordons. He was educated for the Army, and was gazetted sub-lieutenant in 1872, being promoted lieutenant just a year later. Five years afterwards, in 1878, he had his first experience of war, and in 1879, 1880, and 1881, he was continually on active service in the Afghan War, which included Lord Roberts's famous march to Kandahar, including the principal battles, and gained the Victoria Cross for his gallantry and coolness at the attack at Sherpur, on October 15, 1881. In the month he was gazetted captain, and later in the year was promoted to South Africa, and served during the Boer War.

the present campaign was not his first taste of South African fighting. In 1891 he was promoted to the rank of Major, and transferred to the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, with whom he served for six years, until 1897, when he was made Lieutenant-Colonel in command of his old battalion, the 2nd Gordons. Lieutenant-Colonel Dick-Cunningham had only just returned to duty after recovering from the severe wound which he sustained during the fighting at Elands Laagte on October 31. He leaves behind him the reputation of a gallant and distinguished officer, as popular in the ranks with the men of his battalion, who took pride in his command, as would have followed him anywhere. Our portrait is by Bassano, at the Royal Academy, Hyde Park.

Lord Ava, who has died from the wounds he received in the battle of Ladysmith on January 6, was the eldest son and heir of Lord Dufferin. He was born on June 28, 1863, and was educated at Eton and Sandhurst. Lord Ava had served with the 17th Lancers in South Africa under Methuen, had worn the blue and the 17th Lancers, and had prospected in the wild North-West of Canada. He was one of the men who made Ranelagh famous, and was a rival to Hurlingham, and was as thoroughly at home in New York as he was in London. Extremely handsome, and tall, a fine rider, yet brave and daring to a fault, he was much regretted by all the friends to whom he endeared himself. His simplicity of manner and absence of worldliness were particularly remarkable in the son of so illustrious a father, and one

Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

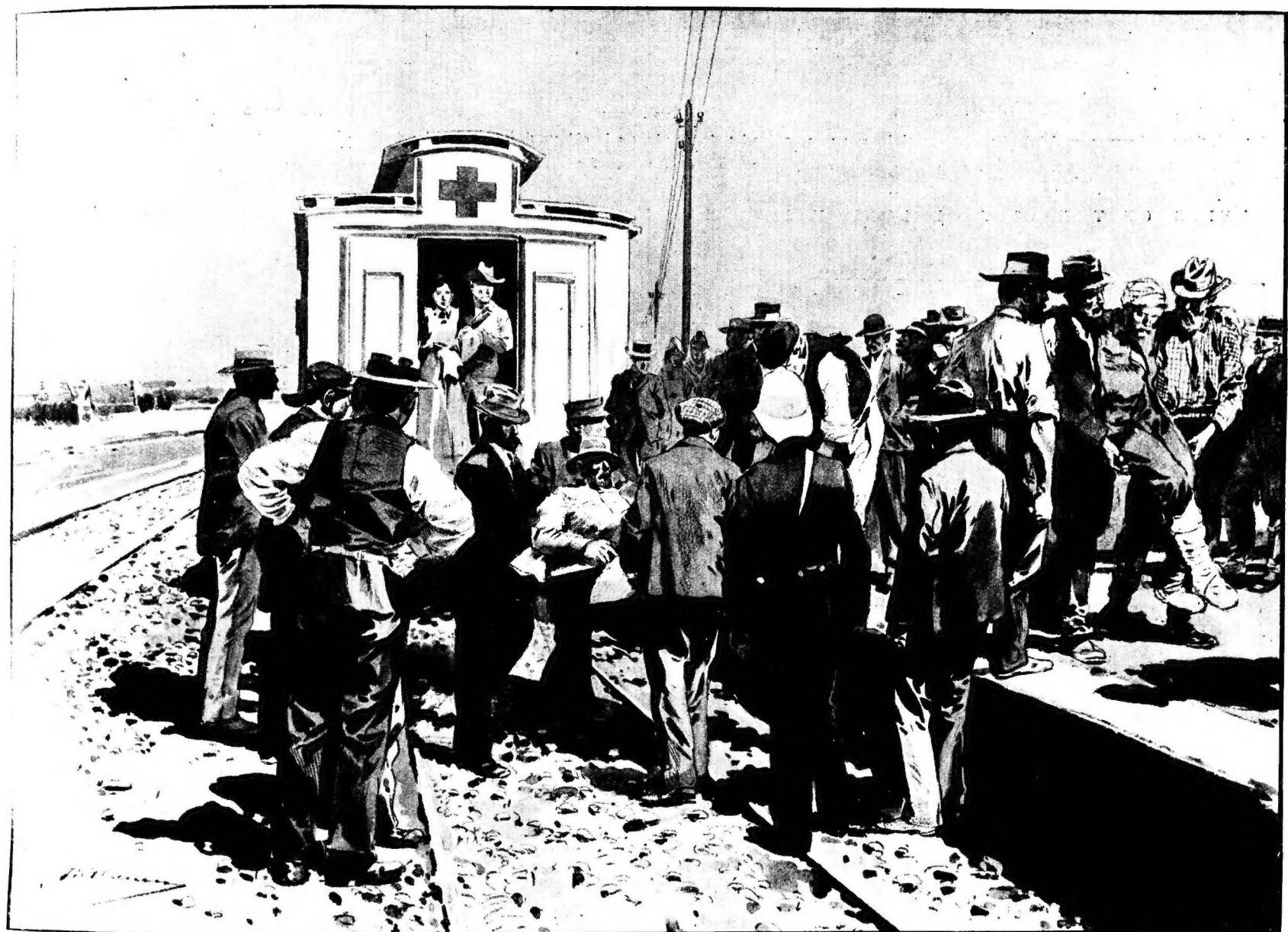
THE "men of the moment" are certainly Lord Cromer, Lord Dufferin, Lord Kitchener, Lord Charles Beresford, the Duke of Devonshire, and Sir Edward Grey. Should events so shape themselves in the course of this war that it became necessary to reconstruct the Cabinet, a call might be made on those who have been mentioned who are not already members of the Government. The public have great confidence in all of them.

Lord Cromer would be a tower of strength in any capacity, for he is a clear-headed man whose will never falters. Lord Dufferin has earned a reputation throughout Europe, and he has one characteristic which has always stood him in good stead, to wit, that he has the art of surrounding himself with able men. Lord Kitchener should be an ideal Minister for War, more especially at present when a thorough reorganisation of that department and of the Army

which must astonish our Continental friends even more than it does ourselves. The applications for appointments in the Yeomanry regiments and Volunteer corps which are destined for the front have poured in, whilst the most unexpected applicants have applied to be enrolled. There is a veritable epidemic of valour.

Already it is proposed to found a South African Club to re-unite on their return the various elements that have stood side by side upon the battlefield. The proposal is sure to attain success, for the majority of those who see active service in the present war will regard the campaign as the central event of their life, and will like to strengthen the bonds which will bind them for the future to their comrades in the war. A South African banquet is also sure to be an annually recurrent festival, and the century will be hastening towards its close when the last who figured in the campaign meet together to commemorate the event.

The police should interfere more actively than they do to prevent false sensational newspaper cries being bawled in the streets. Many a heart grips itself as the news thunders through the outside wall



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

A correspondent, who sends this photograph to us, says that lately there have been sad scenes at Pretoria when the Red Cross train has arrived. As long as it was only British soldiers taken prisoners, who were brought by train to Pretoria, the war had its bright side, and Pretoria was in a high state of delight and glee. But the people are beginning to see that there is another side to the war when the train brings in wounded from the front. They are slowly becoming convinced that the British will not give up the struggle.

A SAD HOME-COMING: ARRIVAL OF THE BOER RED CROSS TRAIN WITH WOUNDED AT PRETORIA

He was passed in Ambassadors' salons and the palace. He had a natural love of adventure and a wild life, a sense of humour which made him a most companion to those he liked. Our portrait is by Bassano, at the Royal Academy, Hyde Park.

R. J. T. Digby Jones, Royal Engineers (23rd Field), who was killed at Ladysmith on the 6th inst., joined the Royal Engineers in 1896. Lieutenant Jones was in charge of the Royal Engineers' detachment which was engaged in the sortie from Ladysmith on December 10, and blew up the Boer gun, which was in Surprise Hill, to the north of the town.

Cecil Pomeroy Russell, of the 1st Battalion of the Royal Engineers, who has died at Ladysmith from enteric fever, had attained the age of twenty-four, having been born on June 28, 1875. He entered the Royal Engineers from the Royal Engineers' detachment which was engaged in the sortie from Ladysmith on December 10, and blew up the Boer gun, which was in Surprise Hill, to the north of the town.

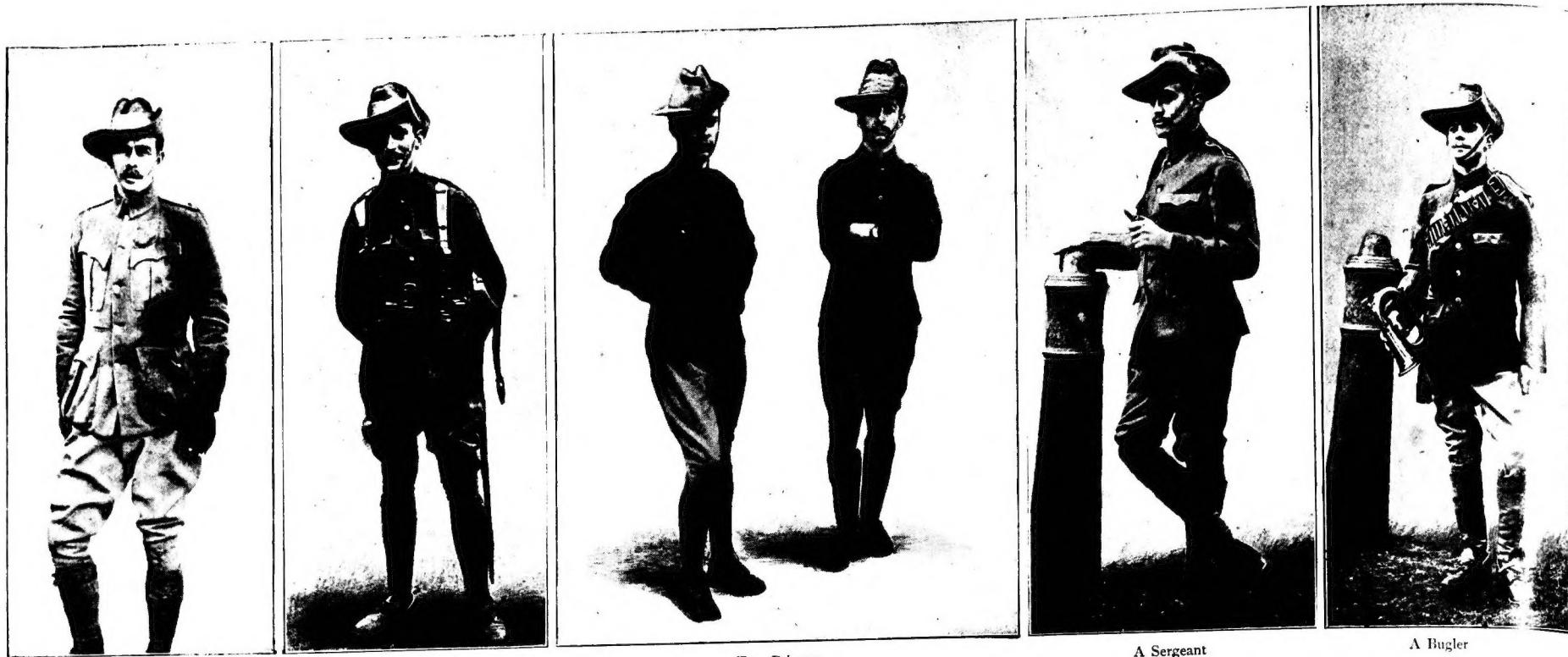
N. M. Tod, of the 1st Scottish Rifles, attached to the Royal Engineers, was killed in the defence of Ladysmith on June 28, 1875. Our portrait is by Frank Robinson, East Molesey.

N. M. Tod, of the 1st Scottish Rifles, attached to the Royal Engineers, was killed in the defence of Ladysmith on June 28, 1875. Our portrait is by Frank Robinson, East Molesey.

The progress of conviction is slow but sure. Boer official accounts of the battles are so garbled that it takes a little ocular demonstration to persuade the average Boer that he is not going to see the British swept into the sea. To judge from our illustration the Boers would seem to be as well provided with ambulance as they are with arms and ammunition.

in some shape of this kind, to wit: "Terrible Disaster! Awful Slaughter!" One day last week a small boy was causing general terror in a crowded thoroughfare by calling out in the shrillest of tones those altogether unfounded cries, but no one attempted to verify the intelligence by purchasing a paper. The face of the small boy assumed, little by little, an amusingly puzzled look, and at length, instead of "Terrible Slaughter," he yelled out "All the Winners!" Immediately a man called out, "Here, boy, give me a paper."

One effect of the campaign will be to develop the improvements in automobiles, for the experiences of the past few weeks have made it obvious that properly constructed automobiles would be invaluable in war. Had the Government been in possession of automobile waggons, so constructed as to be able to be depended upon, both men and provisions could have been carried to the front much more rapidly. The makers of these machines should bestir themselves to develop automobiles in the direction which has been suggested, for when they attain perfection in that matter they will assuredly reap a golden reward. It would be well to organise an exhibition of automobiles for use in warfare.



A Captain

A Lieutenant

Two Privates

A Sergeant

A Bugler

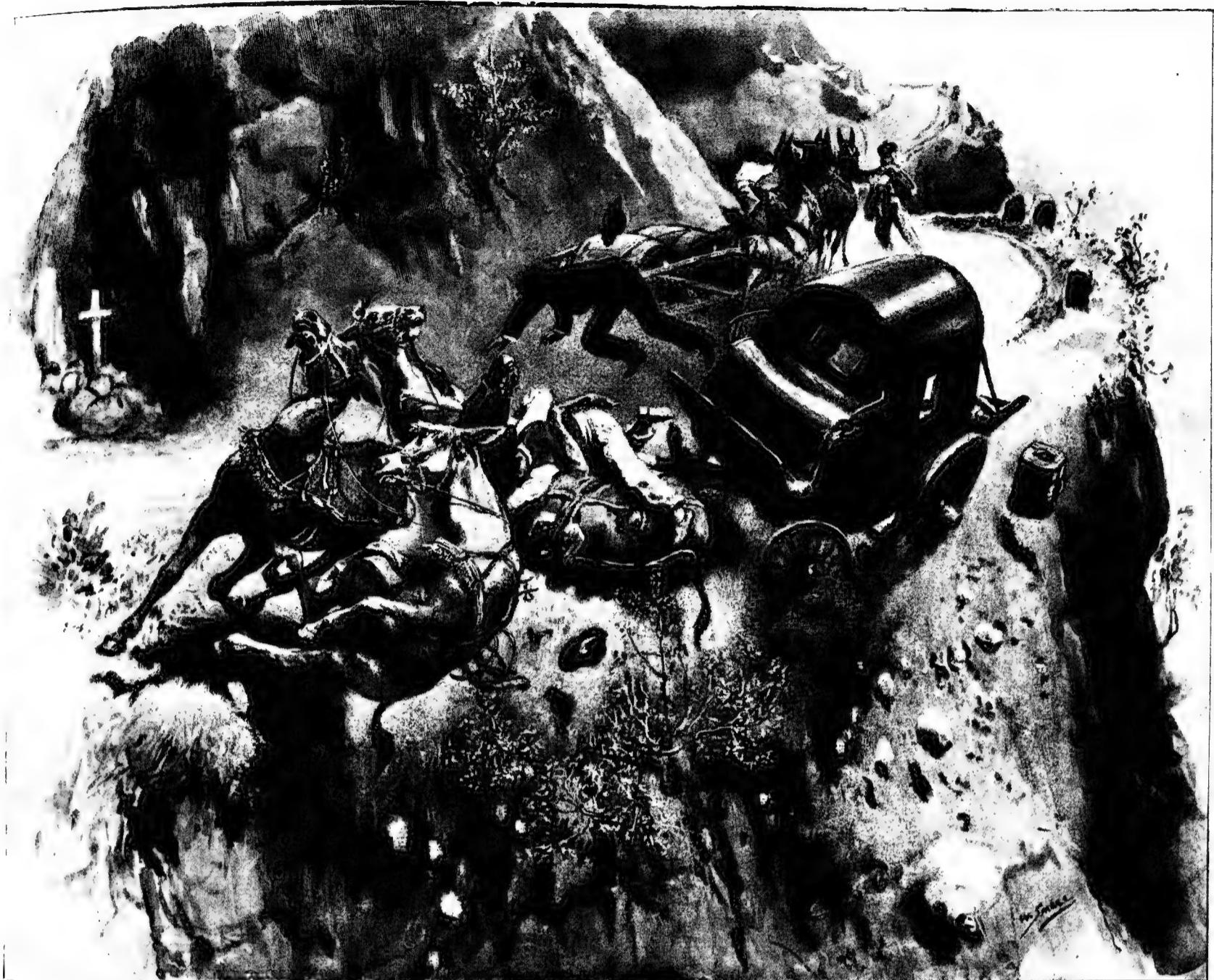
It is safe to say that no infantrymen ever left England with better clothes or a more complete list of accessories than the C.I.V. From khaki uniforms down to shoe-laces, everything is of the best which money can procure. The men, with their wideawake hats turned up on the left side, with the letters C.I.V. on the upturned brim, remind one of a smart Colonial corps. The outfit of the C.I.V. includes a khaki serge suit, a khaki drill suit, khaki serge trousers (for infantry), khaki cord breeches (mounted infantry), a grey greatcoat, one pair of cork socks, two pairs of canvas shoes, two pairs of boots, three pairs of ship's socks, four pairs of knitted woollen socks, three flannel shirts, two pairs of under-vests, one woollen sweater, purse, trouser belt, felt hat, pair of braces, two pairs khaki puttees, field cap, two large Turkish towels, bandolier, haversack, and the following special articles:—Two pine bolera belts, Balaclava (for sleeping), waterproof sheet, filter, water-bottle, "housewife," pyjama suit, writing portfolio, and a bundle of maps. Our illustrations are from photographs by S. Gregory and Co., Strand.

TYPES OF THE CITY OF LONDON IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS AS EQUIPPED FOR SOUTH AFRICA



On the night before the departure for South Africa of the first five hundred of the City of London Imperial Volunteers they were entertained at supper by the Benchers of the Inner Temple. The Lord Chancellor was unable, owing to illness, to attend, but the Speaker of the House of Commons was present, and also the Attorney-General. The Benchers had mustered in force, and among them were Mr. Justice Grantham, Mr. Justice Barnes, Mr. Justice Channell, Mr. Inderwick, Q.C., Mr. Wheeler, Q.C., Sir H. B. Poland, Q.C., the Hon. A. Lyttelton, Q.C., M.P., Mr. Clement Higgins, Q.C., Mr. Baylis, Q.C., Mr. Dickens, Q.C., and many

others. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs were among the guests, and there were a number of interested spectators in the gallery facing the head table. When everyone had done ample justice to the supper an amusing incident was afforded in the taking of an instantaneous photograph by flashlight. The men hugely enjoyed the process, and greeted the photographer with cheers and shouts of laughter. The photograph is by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street.



"One of the leaders swung right out in mid-air with flying legs—and mules and diligencia rolled over and over down the steep in a cloud of dust and stones"

A SMALL WORLD

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. Illustrated by W. SMALL

PART I.

Thine were the calming eyes
To und my pinnace could have stilled the sea,
Drawn thy voyager home, and bid him be
To their pureness, with their wisdom wise,
To their light, and greatly lost in thee.

at the monastery of Montserrat, and a monk, silent, turned and paused in his meditative promenade without noise. The silence of this sacred height is trying; one cannot sleep at night for the hunger of a sound, except the gurgling water except the fountain in the patio. There is no wind, no noise of Spring and morning. There are no trees for the winds to stir, nothing but eternal rock and the atmosphere, closely associated with the life of Ignatius de Loyola, a sheer three thousand feet below, is thinly veiled by the mist. A great river and the line of railway from Barcelona run through it. So clear is the atmosphere that at a distance the contemplative denizens of the valley, the number of the railway carriages, while no one, or indeed of any life in the valley, reaches their

heard was disturbing, and he hurried to the corner whence a view of the winding road might be taken, and the hollow rumble of wheels. The holy monk went into the valley and soon verified his fears. It was which had quitted the monastery a short hour ago, the hill to inevitable destruction. Once before the watcher the mules had run away, rushing through and carrying with them across that frontier the *messagers*, devout persons who, having performed the shrine of our Lady of Montserrat, had doubtless a reward. The monk crossed himself, but, being too like to pray and to call his brethren to witness the *messagers* looking at a play from a very high gallery, the *messagers* on the toy road far below swayed from the way to the verge—the four mules stretched out at a *lecture*. The shouts dimly heard at the monastery had were intended to create, for the monk could see the *messagers* draw aside to let the living avalanche go past.

There were but two men on the box-seat of the diligencia—the driver and a passenger seated by his side. The monk recollects that this passenger had passed two days at Montserrat, inscribing himself in the visitors' book as Matthew S. Whittaker.

"I'm ready to take the reins when your arms are cramped," this passenger was saying at that precise moment, "but I do not know the road, and I cannot drive so well as you."

He finished with a curt laugh, and, holding on with both hands, he turned and looked at his companion. He was not afraid, and death assuredly stared him in the face at that moment.

"Thanks for that, at an events, returned the driver, handing his reins with a steady skill. Then he fell to cursing the mules. As he rounded each corner of the winding road, he gave a derisive shout of triumph—as he safely passed a cart he gave voice to a yell of defiance. He went to his death—if death awaited him—with a fine spirit—with a light in his eyes and the blood in his tanned cheeks.

The man at his side could perhaps have saved himself by a leap which might, with good fortune, have resulted in nothing more serious than a broken limb. As he had been invited by the driver to take this leap and had curtly declined, it is worth while to pause and give particulars of this passenger on the runaway diligencia. He was a slightly built man, dressed in the ordinary dark clothes and soft black felt hat of the middle-class Spaniard. His face was brown and sun-dried, with deep lines drawn downwards from the nose to the lips in such a manner that cynicism and a mildly protesting tolerance were contending for mastery in an otherwise studiously inexpressive countenance.

"The Excellency does not blame me for this," the driver jerked out, as he hauled round a corner with a sort of pride.

"No—my friend"—replied the American, and he broke off suddenly to curve his two hands around his lips and give forth a warning shout in a clear tenor that rang down the valley like a trumpet. A muleteer leading a heavily laden animal drew his beast into the ditch and leapt into the middle of the road. He stepped nimbly aside and sprang at the leading mule, but was rolled into the ditch like an old hat.

"That is an old torero," shouted the driver. "Bravo—bravo!" As they flew on, Whittaker turned in his seat and caught a glimpse of the man standing in the middle of the road with arms spread out in an attitude of apology and deprecation.

" Ah ! " cried the driver, " we shall not pass these. Now leap ! "

"No," answered the other, and gave his warning shout.

Below them on the spiral road, two heavy carts were slowly mounting. These were the long country carts used for the carriage of wine casks, heavily laden with barrels for the monastery. The drivers looking up saw in a moment what to expect, and ran to the head of their long teams of eight mules, but all concerned knew in a flash of thought that they could not pull aside in time.

"Leap, in the name of a Saint," cried the driver clutching his teeth. Whittaker made no answer. But he cleared his feet and sat forward, his keen face and narrow eyes alert to seize any chance of life. The maddened mules rushed on, seeking to free themselves from the swaying destroyer on their heels. The leaders swung round the corner but refused to obey the reins when they caught sight of the cart in front. The brakes had long ceased to act; the wooden blocks were charred as by fire. The two heavier mules at the pole made a terrified but intelligent attempt to check the pace, and the weighty vehicle skidded sideways across the road, shuddering and rattling as it went. It poised for a moment on the edge of the slope, while the mules threw themselves into their collars—their intelligence seeming to rise at this moment to a human height. Then the great vehicle turned slowly over, and at the same moment Whittaker and the driver leapt into the tangle of heels and harness. One of the leaders swung right out in mid-air with flying legs—and mules and diligencia rolled over and over down the steep in a cloud of dust and stones.

When Matthew S. Whittaker recovered consciousness he found himself in a richly furnished bedroom. He woke as if from sleep with his senses fully alert, and began at once to take an interest in a conversation of which he had been conscious in the form of a faint murmur for some time.

"A broken arm, my child, and nothing more, so far as I can tell at present," were the first comprehensible words. Whittaker tried to move his left arm and winced.

"Ah! the other man is dead. Poor Miguel! He was always civil and God-fearing. He has driven the diligencia up to us for nearly twenty years."

Whittaker turned his head and winced again. The speaker was 'monk—fat and good-natured—one of the few now left in the

great house on Montserrat. His interlocutor was a woman not more than thirty, with brown hair that gleamed in the sunlight, and a fresh, thoughtful face. Her attitude was somewhat independent, her manner indicated a self-reliant spirit. This was a woman who would probably make mistakes in life, but these would not be the errors of omission. She was a prototype of a sex and an age which err in advancing too quickly, and in holding that everything which is old-fashioned must necessarily be foolish.

Whittaker lay quite still and watched these two, while the deep-drawn lines around his lips indicated a decided sense of amusement. He was in pain, but that was no new condition to a man whose spirit had ever been robuster than his body. He had at all events not been killed, and his last recollection had been the effort to face death. So he lay with a twisted smile on his lips listening to Brother Lucas, who, sad old monk that he was, took infinite pleasure in glorifying to the young lady his own action in causing the monastery cart to be brought out, and in driving down the slope at a break-neck pace to place his medical knowledge at the disposal of such as might require it. He bowed in a portly way, and indicated with a very worldly politeness that he himself was, in fact, at the disposal of the Señorita.

"I was not always a monk—I began life as a doctor," he explained.

And his companion looked at him with speculative, clever eyes, scinting afar off with the quickness of her kind, the usual little romance—the everlasting woman.

"Ah!" she said slowly.

And Whittaker in the alcove coughed with discretion. Both turned and hurried towards him.

"He has recovered his senses," said the girl.

The monk had, however, not laid aside all the things of this world. He remembered the little ceremonies appertaining to the profession which he had once practised. He waived aside the girl and stooped over the bed.

"You understand what I say—you see me?" he inquired in a soothing voice.

"Most assuredly," replied Whittaker coolly. "Most assuredly, my father. And I do not think there is much the matter with me."

"Holy Saints, but you go too quickly," laughed the monk. "You will be wanting next to get up and walk."

"I should not mind trying."

"Ah! That is good. Then you will soon be well. Señorita, we shall have no trouble with this patient! This, Señor, is the Señorita Cheyne, in whose house you find yourself, and to whom your thanks are due."

Whittaker turned in bed to thank her, but instead of speaking he quietly fainted. He came to his senses again and found that it was evening. The windows of his room were open and he could see across the valley the brown hills of Catalonia faintly tinged with pink. A nursing-sister in her dark blue dress and white winged cap was seated at the open window gazing reflectively across the valley. There was an odour of violets in the room. A fitful breeze stirred the lace curtains. Whittaker perceived his own travel-worn portmanteau lying half unpacked on a side table. It seemed that someone had opened it to seek the few necessaries of the moment. He noted with a feeling of helplessness that his simple travelling accessories had been neatly arranged on the dressing table. A clean handkerchief lay on the table at the bedside. The wounded man became conscious of a feeling that he had lost some of the solitary liberty which had hitherto been his. It seemed that he had been picked up on the road helpless and insensible by someone with the will and power to take entire charge of him. The feeling was so new to this adventurer that he lay still and smiled.

Presently the nun rose and came quietly towards him, disclosing within the halo of her snowy cap a gentle pink and white face wrinkled by the passage of uneventful years. She nodded cheerfully on seeing that his eyes were open, and gave him some soup which was warming on a spirit lamp in readiness for his return to consciousness.

"I will tell the Señorita," she said, and noiselessly quitted the room.

A minute later Miss Cheyne came in with a pleasant frou-frou of silk, and Whittaker wondered for whom she had dressed so carefully.

"I did not know," she said in English, with an ease of manner which is of this generation, "that I had succoured a countryman. You were literally thrown at my gate. But the doctor, who has just left, confirms the opinion of Brother Lucas that you are not seriously hurt. A broken fore-arm and a severe shake, they say—to be cured by complete rest, which you will be able to enjoy here. For there is no one in the house but my aunt, Mrs. Dorchester, and myself."

She stood at the bedside, looking down at him with her capable, managing air. Whittaker now knew the source of that sense of being "taken in and done for" of which he had become conscious the moment his senses returned to him.

"They say," she went on, with a decisiveness which was probably an accentuation of her usual attitude, inspired by the necessity of sparing the patient the exertion of an explanation or an apology—"they say, however, that you are not naturally a very strong man, and that you have tried your constitution in the past, so that greater care is required than would otherwise be necessary in such a case."

She looked at the brown face and sinewy neck, the hollow cheeks, the lean hands ("all wires"), as she decided in her own prompt mind, and her clear eyes were alight with a speculation as to what the past had been in which this man had tried his constitution.

"I have led a rough life," explained Whittaker, and Miss Cheyne nodded her head in a manner indicative of the fact that she divined as much.

"I thought you were a Spaniard," she said.

"No; I have lived in the Spanish colonies, however—the last few years—since the troubles began."

Miss Cheyne nodded again without surprise. She had gone about the world, for perhaps thirty years, with those clear eyes of hers very wide open, and was probably aware that in those parts where, as Whittaker gracefully put it, "troubles" are, such men as this are usually to be found. For it is not the large men who make a stir in

the world. These usually sit at home and love a life of ease. It is even said that they take to novel-writing and other sedentary occupations. And in the forefront, where things are stirring and history is to be manufactured, are found the small and the fail, such as Matthew S. Whittaker, who in addition to the battles of Progress have to contend personally against constitutional delicacy, nervous depression, and disease.

Miss Cheyne kept silence for a few moments, and during the pause turned at the sound of horses' feet on the gravel below the windows. She seemed to have been expecting an arrival, and Whittaker noticed a sudden brightening of the eyes, an almost imperceptible movement of the shoulders, as if Miss Cheyne was drawing herself up. The American quickly reflected that the somewhat elaborate "toilette" was unusual, and connected it with the expected visitor. He was not surprised when, with a polite assurance that he had only to ask for anything he might require, she turned and left him.

Whittaker now remembered having been told by the volatile driver of the "diligencia" the history of a certain English señorita who, having inherited property from a forgotten uncle, had come to live in her "possession" on the mountain side. He further recollects that the house had been pointed out to him—a long, low dwelling of the dull red stone quarried in this part of Catalonia. Being of an observant habit, he remembered that the house was overgrown by a huge wisteria and faced eastward. He turned his head painfully, and now saw that his windows were surrounded by mauve fronds of wisteria. His room was, therefore, situated in the front of the house. There was, he recollects, a verandah below his windows, and he wondered whether Miss Cheyne received her visitors there in the cool of the afternoon. He listened half-sleepily, and heard the horse depart, led away by a servant. There followed the murmur of a conversation, between two persons only, below his window. So far as he could gather from the tones, for the words were inaudible, they were spoken in English. And thus he fell asleep.

During the next few days Whittaker made good progress, and fully enjoyed the quiet prescribed to him by the doctors. The one event of the day was Miss Cheyne's visit, to which he soon learnt to look forward. He had, during an adventurous life, had little to do with women, and Miss Cheyne soon convinced him of the fact that many qualities—such as independence, courage, and energy, were not, as he had hitherto imagined, the monopoly of men alone. But the interest thus aroused did not seem to be mutual. Miss Cheyne was kind and quick to divine his wants or thoughts; but her visits did not grow longer day by day as, day by day, Whittaker wished they would. Daily, moreover, the visitor arrived on horseback, and the murmured conversation in the verandah duly followed. A few weeks earlier Whittaker had made the voyage across to the Island of Majorca, to visit an old companion-in-arms there, and offer him a magnificent inducement to return to active service. That comrade had smilingly answered that he held cards of another suite. Miss Cheyne appeared likewise to hold another suite, and the American felt vaguely that the dealer of life's cards seemed somehow to have passed him by.

He daily urged the young doctor to allow him to leave his bed, "if only," he pleaded with his twisted smile, "to sit in a chair by the window." At last he gained his point and sat, watch in hand, awaiting the arrival of Miss Cheyne's daily visitor. To the end of his life Matthew Whittaker believed that some instinct guided him at this time. He had only spoken with his nurse and the doctor, and had refrained from making inquiries of either respecting the lady whose hospitality he enjoyed. He had now carefully recalled all that the dead driver of the diligencia had told him, and had dismissed half of it as mere gossip. Beyond the fact that Miss Cheyne's aunt, Mrs. Dorchester, acted as her companion, he knew nothing. But he had surmised from remarks dropped by the young lady herself, that her mother had been a Spaniard; hence the uncle from whom she had inherited this estate. He also had reason to believe that Miss Cheyne's mother had brought her up in the older faith.

He reflected on these matters and smiled half cynically at the magnitude of his own interest in Miss Cheyne as he sat at the open window. He had not long to wait before the clatter of horse's feet on the hard road became audible. The house stood back from the high road in the midst of terraced olive groves, and was entirely surrounded by a grove of cypress and ilex trees. The visitor, whose advent was doubtless awaited with as keen an impatience by another within the red stone house, now leisurely approached beneath the avenue of evergreen oak. Whittaker got painfully upon his feet and stood, half concealed by the curtain. He was conscious of a singular lack of surprise when he recognised the face of the horseman as one that he had already seen, though, when he came in a flash of thought to reflect upon it, this among all he knew was the last face that he could have expected to see in that place.

He sat down quite coolly and mechanically, thinking and acting as men think and act, by instinct in a crisis. He seemed to be obeying some pre-ordained plan.

The horseman was dark and clean shaven—the happy possessor of one of those handsome Andalusian faces which are in themselves a passport in a world that in its old age still persists in judging by appearance. Whittaker scrupulously withdrew from the window. He had no desire to overhear their conversation. But his eyes were fierce with a sudden anger. The very attitude of the newcomer—his respectful, and yet patronising, manner of removing his hat—clearly showed that he was a lover, perhaps a favoured one. And the American, who, with all his knowledge of the world knew so little of women, stood in the middle of the room wrapt in thought. It seemed hardly possible that a woman of Miss Cheyne's intelligence, a woman no longer in the first flush of girlhood, should fail to perceive the obvious. He did not know that so far as her vanity is concerned a woman does not grow older by the passage of years, but younger—that she will often for the sake of a little admiration accept the careless patronage of a man, knowing well that his one good quality is the skill with which he flatters her. He was not aware that Miss Cheyne was distinctly handicapped, and that her judgment was warped by the fact that she had by some chance or another reached to years of discretion without ever having had a lover.

Whittaker was not an impulsive man, although as prompt in action as he was quick to make a decision. He was a citizen of that new country where an old chivalry still survives. His sense of chivalry was also intensified by the fact, already stated, that he

knew but little of that sex which is at the moment making a superficial stir in the world.

"If the harm is done—a day more will make it no worse to reckon," he said, reflectively. He would not listen to what was said, though he could have heard easily enough, had he so desired. He watched Miss Cheyne and her lover, however, as they walked the length of the garden; she, holding a fan in the Spanish fashion, to shield her face from the setting sun; the man, hand, and carrying himself with a sort of respectful grace characteristic of his race. At the end of the garden they met, and Whittaker smiled cynically, at the sight of the man's face, as he looked at Miss Cheyne. He was apparently asking for something, and she at last yielded, giving him slowly, almost shyly, a few violets that she had worn in her belt. Whittaker gave a laugh, but his eyes were by no means mirthful.

Later in the evening Miss Cheyne came into his room.

"You have had a visitor," he said, in the course of their conversation.

"Yes," she answered, frankly, and Whittaker reflected that all events she knew her own mind. He said nothing further on that subject, but later he referred to a topic which he had scrupulously avoided. He had passed his life among a class who were not in the habit of growing valuable respecting the like.

"I think you take me for an Englishman," he said. "I am an American."

"Indeed. You have no accent," replied Miss Cheyne, despite that other suite of cards that she held, she looked speculatively. She was, in a way, interested in him.

"I have lived abroad a great deal, the last few years in Cuba at all events, and evidently knew nothing of the distressful island. When she left him he stood looking at the door reflectively.

"It will be for to-morrow," he said to himself, with a laugh.

The next morning the doctor paid his usual visit, and handed him an envelope.

"I am leaving this evening," he said, "and I shall pay your debt."

The doctor, who was a young man and a Spaniard, slipped the envelope into his pocket.

"Thank you," he said. "The debt is mine. You are to be moved yet—but it is as you like."

"Will you order me a carriage to be here at five o'clock this evening?"

"I will do as you like."

"And omit to mention it to my hostess—you understand my position here, and my fear of overstaying a most courteous welcome."

"I understand," said the doctor, and departed.

At four o'clock Whittaker had packed his portmanteau. He took up his position at the window, and waited. Before long he heard the sound of horse's feet. Miss Cheyne's visitor presently appeared, and swung off his hat with the usual deferential pride. The horse was led away. The usual murmured conversation followed. Whittaker rose and walked to the door. He paused on the threshold and looked slowly round the room as if conscious then that the moment was to be one of the indelible memories of his life.

On the stairs he needed the support of the balustrade. When he reached the verandah his face was colourless, with shining eyes. Miss Cheyne was sitting with her back turned towards him, but her companion saw him at once and rose to his feet, lifting his hat with a politely inquiring air. From long habit, acquired among naturally polite people, Whittaker returned the salutation.

"You do not recognise me, Señor?" he said, in English.

And the other shook his head, still polite and rather surprised.

"I was known in Cuba by the name of Mateo."

The Spaniard's handsome, sunburnt face slowly turned to the colour of ashes. His eyes looked into Whittaker's, not in anger, but with a pathetic mingling of reproach and despair.

"What is the meaning of this?" said Miss Cheyne, rising characteristically, to the emergency of the moment.

Whittaker bit his lip and looked at the Spaniard, who was to be dazed.

"You had better go," he said, almost gently.

"What is the meaning of this?" repeated Miss Cheyne, from one to the other. Then she turned to Whittaker, what instinct she never knew.

"Who is this gentleman?" she asked, angrily. "What have you against him?"

Whittaker, still biting his lip, looked hard at her. He made a gesture with his two hands, which was more than a thousand words; for it seemed to convey to the two who breathlessly awaited his words, that he found himself in a position that was intolerable.

"I knew him in Cuba," he said slowly. "I have against him, Miss Cheyne; but the man is a priest."

(To be concluded)

A BLIND GENERAL WHO INVENTED THE LAAGER.—It is to suppose that the laager is a Boer invention, says *The Penny*. As a matter of fact a similar method of defence was used by a remarkable general who, in his early days, fought with the Teutonic Order against the Poles, and with the Hungarians and the Turks. The chief portion of his life, however, was spent as leader of the Hussites, Bohemians fighting for religious freedom against Sigismund, the German Emperor. Sigismund should have succeeded to the throne of Bohemia in 1419, but the Hussites were indebted to him for the martyrdom of their religious leader, John Huss, and would have none of him, and a disastrous war followed. Ziska commanded the Hussites, and formed his headquarters at Tabor, from which the name of his followers, Taborites, was derived. It was while on his march from Pilsen to Mount Tabor that Ziska brought what is now known as the laager into use. His force was inferior to the enemy, and Ziska therefore entrenched himself behind their baggage wagons, over which they fired at the advancing foe, and beat them off. Early in the war Ziska lost an eye, but he continued to direct his forces with complete success.

The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

Mr. Sidney Lee, in the *Nineteenth Century*, is compelled at the feast that Shakespeare's plays offer to the playgoer as tasteless and colourless unless it be fortified by "derived from the independent arts of music and drama." Mr. Tree appears to be more than ever bent upon the fact that he holds it no reproach to have bestowed upon a team revival a handsome and tasteful mounting. Certainly no memorable Shakespearian productions at HER MAJESTY'S under this judicious manager's reign has excelled, if it has in beauty and harmony of treatment the latest of the *Midsomer Night's Dream* have inspired both the scenic artists and stage manager, while the introduction, for the first

is believed, on our part, the whole of this music has been given a finishing touch of critical treatment which has received the stamp of Mr. Tree's authorship. Beautiful and sinuous as the "folk-lore" of the poet revelled, and the scenes of the Queen of Sheba's palace were in stately architecture, and the scenes of the "faery broods" of the poet's imagination, already driven from the "dark Satyr from the woods;" and all in keeping with the dreamy atmosphere of this realm of fancy, the working of scene into scene, and finally the gradual withdrawal of the revels in the "dark hell of Theseus's bower," the darkness settles over the scene that enchanting scene. Mr. Lee and the manager of the Elizabethan Society will doubtless assure the playgoers that, though admittedly not without fault, I will venture to say that the playgoers are in the right.

Following, it is revealed that the scenes of histrionic skill, nevertheless, satisfy. Verse is at least as good as prose, and not, as far as the case, demands that the chief object of the drama and its rhythmical movement. Mr. Tree's Titania, though a pleasing animation, is not a notable example of what the stage, as Dorothea Baird's, has in store. Oberon suffers from a variety of difficulties, and the King from the stately and so prominent the pantomime fairy pieces of the season; but no more imposing

Miss Julia possibly be seen needful to be also dismissed. Miriam, Lydia, and Miss Sarah Brooke portrayed the fleet-

Hermia with subtlety and charm, though the action was hardly in the poetical key. Undoubtedly, Waller's severe cold detracted much from the performance, which generally distinguish that actor's imperfections. Reduced the Lysander of the cast to a somewhat pale sketch. Mr. William Mollison's fine voice and action on the other hand, served him well in declaiming the speeches of King Theseus. I wish I could say that Mr. Tree's Puck struck me as a poetical creation, but the art of eccentric farce, when once acquired, are not easily lost. The amateur theatricals of Bottom and his "mechanicals" have probably never awakened more interest on this occasion. This success, however, is not won by extravagances. Mr. Tree makes less of the slow and bewildered weaver than the late Mr. Phelps was.

There was not so much of the effort to clutch at detail of the strange vision, such as that instinctive desire for the ass's ears which carries to the mind of the strong impression of the dream; but as a sketch of character the performance is entitled to high praise. The

impregnable self-confidence of the Athenian handcraftsman, and its imposing effects upon his "crew of patches," afforded to the audience an amount of entertainment which fully atoned for some little shortcoming on the imaginative side. Mr. McLeay's Snug, the Joiner, is an excellent piece of quaint character, and Mr. Louis Calvert's Flute, the Bellows-mender is no less worthy of commendation for its quaint drollery.

The Late Dr. Martineau

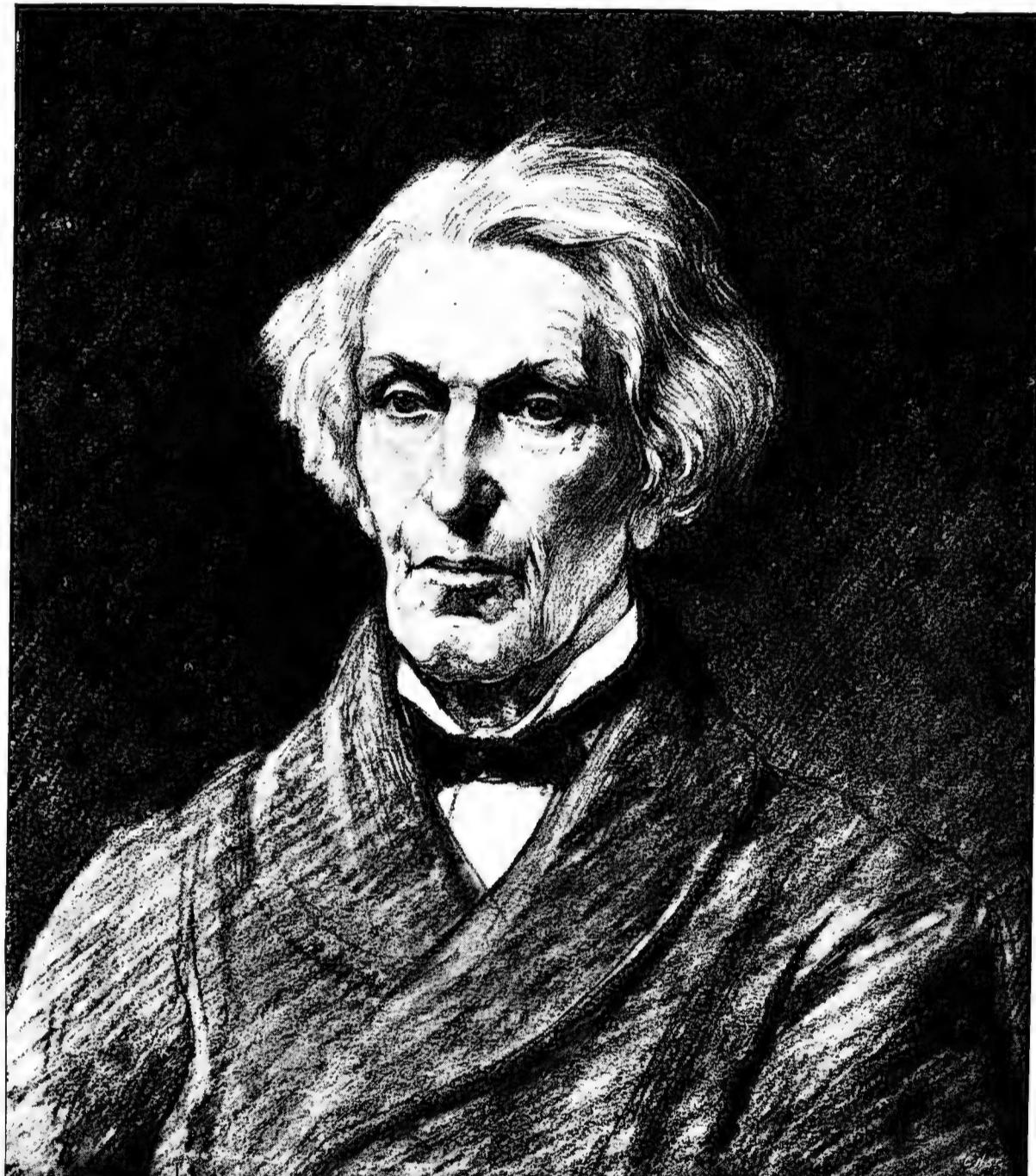
WITH the death of Dr. James Martineau, at the advanced age of ninety-four, there passes away one of the most interesting figures in the world of philosophic and religious thought. His dominant personality enabled him to take a unique position. A Unitarian, he never would recognise a Unitarian Church; a teacher of religion, he was also a stern logician, and, as the philosophic defender of Theism, he earned a great reputation as a powerful and original writer, no less than for the remarkable influence which he exerted over the younger men of his day. His insistence on the importance of keeping religion in touch with modern thought, or

emotional and mystical; but while the girl's meditations led her, as everyone knows, into the materialism of Comte, James Martineau became the spiritualist and idealist, and the apostle of individual Unitarianism. In 1809, at the age of four, he was sent to the grammar school in the Cathedral Close, Norwich, where he passed his boyhood. It was here that he began the acquaintance of George Borrow of "The Bible in Spain" fame. It is on record that he once had to "hast" Borrow while Dr. Valpy flogged him, and there are many interesting stories of Martineau's friendship with the romantic lad who ultimately became so famous. Subsequently he became a pupil in the noted establishment kept by Dr. Lant Carpenter at Bristol. His first studies lay in the direction of civil engineering; then, from the age of eighteen upwards, he began to study divinity, being appointed, in 1828, second minister of the Presbyterian Meeting House at Eustace Street, Dublin, and afterwards to a similar post at Paradise Street Chapel, Liverpool. Coming, in 1840, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy at Manchester New College—at that time in York—he began, in 1859, his London labours as Unitarian pastor at the Little Portland Street Chapel. When Mr. J. J. Taylor died, in 1869, James Martineau succeeded him as Principal at Manchester New College. This was the important position which he held till the age of eighty years, in 1885.

His writings above alluded to are many, and all show a profound grasp of his subject. "The Rationale of Religious Enquiry" was published in 1836, and this was followed, to mention a few of the most important works, by the "Studies of Christianity," "Study of Spinoza," "Modern Naturalism," and so forth. It was when he had passed eighty that he gave to the world the deeply interesting "Types of Ethical Theory," and later still "A Study of Religion," and in neither work is there the slightest trace of a failing off in his powers. Dr. Martineau, it may be mentioned in conclusion, was one of the founders of the *National Review*, and in its early days contributed much to its pages.

The Artists' War Fund Gilt Exhibition

THE Artists' War Fund was initiated by Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, R.A., and the idea was quickly taken up by many of the leaders of the community, and as rapidly organised into an energetic movement. Sir Edward Poynter became the President, Sir L. Alma-Tadema, the Chairman of a powerful committee, and the scheme received the stamp of Royal approval by the acceptance of Her Majesty the Queen of the patronage of the movement. The Lord Mayor and Corporation of London received the proposals of the Committee with equal favour, and, for the first time in the history of the City, the gallery of the Guildhall was lent for an exhibition of the works which the Artists promised to collect. H.R.H. Princess Louise, ever the friend of Art and artists, consented to open the Exhibition on the 22nd inst.; Her Majesty the Queen signified her further favour by contributing two of her rarest etchings—executed by her own hand—and another by



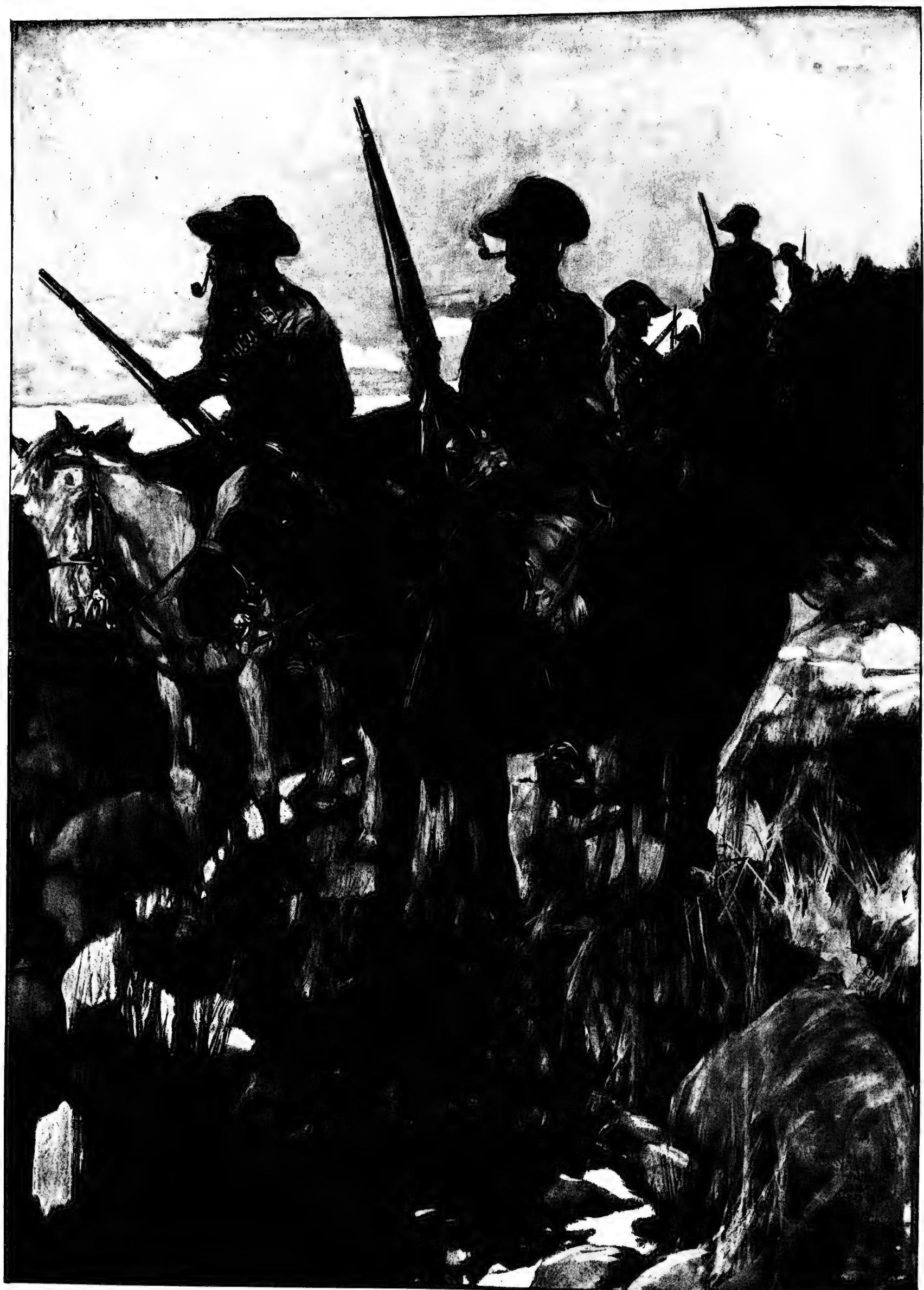
THE LATE DR. JAMES MARTINEAU (AT THE AGE OF NINETY)
A PORTRAIT DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. BLAKE WIRGMAN

rather of teachers of religion understanding scientific thought; his teaching that the Christian ideal need not necessarily depend on the Bible, and that the Scriptures could be studied, and should be studied, as literature first, were views calculated to bring him into opposition with many; but those least in sympathy with his views could not but admire his lofty ideals and the power with which he set them forth. He was a man who could take some old world doctrine, so clogged with the dust of ages that its inner meaning had become meaningless, and show, as though it were a new teaching, the essential truth to preserve which the doctrine had originally been formulated. Himself subtle and analytical, he had the power of making the most abstruse subjects simple and fascinating for the reason that he had a logical mind, which enabled him to see with absolute clearness the point which he wished to bring out. His life in itself was long but uneventful, and of late years, since his retirement, only the issue of his later works has reminded the general public of his existence, and it is now nearly ten years since he broke this silence. He was born at Norwich on April 21, 1805. He was the son of Thomas Martineau, a Norwich manufacturer of Huguenot descent, and the younger brother of Miss Harriet Martineau. These two were firm friends; both were

the Prince Consort, and the Exhibition starts with every prospect of a great and brilliant success.

An exquisite exhibition accordingly has been got together. Nearly three hundred works in oil, water-colour, pastel, black and white, in bronze, *gesso*, terra-cotta, in enamel, silver, and other materials, are now arranged in the Guildhall Art Library—without a doubt the most beautiful and the most valuable gift collection of its kind ever gathered under one roof before. The admirable little works, specially painted for or contributed to the show, by Sir L. Alma-Tadema, R.A., Lady Alma-Tadema, Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., Mr. Waterhouse, R.A., Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., Sir William Richmond, K.C.B., R.A., Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., Mr. Gregory, R.A., Mr. Sargent, R.A., Mr. Thornycroft, R.A., Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A., Mr. Brock, R.A., Mr. Legros, and a great number of other eminent artists besides, are of striking merit, and all court the taste as well as the generosity of the public.

No work will be sold outright at first: a "bid" may be taken, which will hold good unless some one else chooses to offer more, so that for the benefit of the fund the price will rise until the works are exhibited for a week at Messrs. Christie's Galleries. Then they will be put up for auction with the highest offer as a reserve.



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

TROOPERS OF BRABANT'S HORSE STARTING AT DAWN ON PATROL DUTY
WITH GENERAL GATACRE'S FORCE: SCOUTS AT WORK

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT A. J. MCNEIL



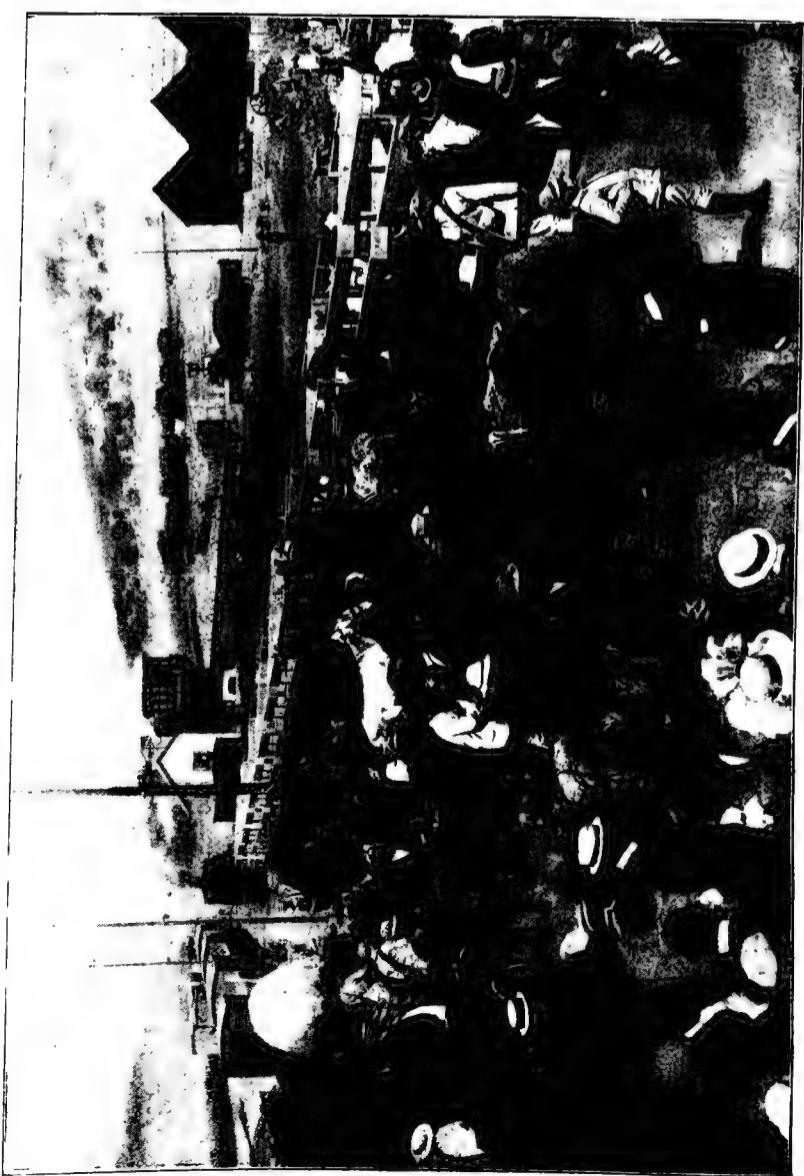
This photograph, which gives a good idea of the country near Colenso, acquires additional interest from the fact that it is thought that somewhere in the immediate vicinity of the Falls will be fought a decisive action for the relief of Laingsmith. Our photograph is by A. Allerton, Pietermaritzburg.

THE TUGELA FALLS NEAR COLENSO



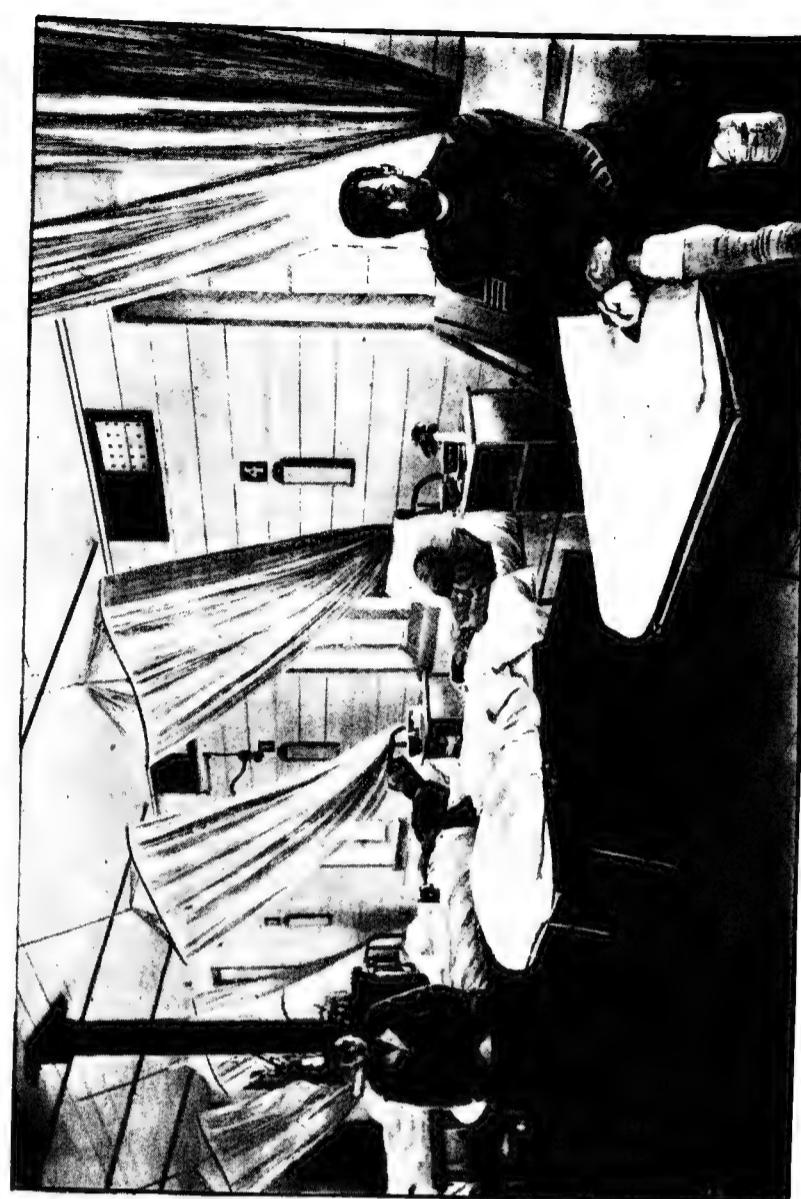
A correspondent, who sends the photograph from which our illustration is taken, writes:—“Things are beginning to ham here now. Three or four of our men get killed or wounded every day. There is enough nickel lying about to build a house. We hope soon to go into the Transvaal.”

ON THE NORTHERN BORDER: IN LAGER AT MACLOUTSIE



Pretoria has sent to the front the great bulk of its male population. Inhabitants of various nationalities have been commandeered, and martial law has been proclaimed in the town.

A GERMAN COMMANDO LEAVING PRETORIA FOR THE FRONT



One side of the ward is shown here. There are six beds on either side, while on a table near the stove are magazines, papers and flowers. The man in the foreground belongs to the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and had just been brought in from Maserstein, where he was shot through both legs and in the hand. Our photograph is by J. E. Bruton, Cape Town.

ON ONE OF THE WARDS OF THE MILITARY HOSPITAL.



At the funeral of General Wauchope at Matjiesfontein a touching sight was the General's charger, "Lady Mayoress," with his boots and spurs, and led by his groom. They followed a little behind the coffin. Our photograph is by E. D. Edcombe, Beaufort West.

FOLLOWING THEIR MASTER TO THE GRAVE

Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

Relative Figures

ON Wednesday, the 10th inst., a telegram from Pretoria informed us that General Joubert, restored to perfect health, had presided over a council of war at the Boer headquarters, Klip River Drift, held for the purpose of determining the further course of the campaign. But on that very day, as it so befell, the telegraph also recorded another event which was calculated to exercise a much more decisive influence on the future course of the campaign than the Boer council of war. This was the arrival at the Cape of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, accompanied by Lord Kitchener, and his assumption of the office of Generalissimo—or "War-Lord," as the German Emperor would phrase it—of all our forces in South Africa, which, according to one estimate, will very soon total considerably over 180,000 men. As thus:—

In South Africa before War ..	25,000
First Army Corps ..	55,000
Fifth Division ..	11,000
Sixth Division ..	10,000
Seventh Division ..	10,000
Eighth Division ..	10,000
Additional Cavalry ..	2,000
First Colonial Contingent ..	2,500
Second Colonial Contingent ..	2,500
Naval Brigades ..	1,000
Yeomanry ..	10,000
Volunteers ..	9,000
Militia (seven battalions) ..	6,000
Local Forces (Cape, Natal, &c.) ..	20,000
For regiments at front ..	10,000
Total ..	184,000

Perhaps this is an estimate which errs a little too much on the side of liberality, nor does it appear to take into account our losses of various kinds—approaching to something like 8,000—already incurred. But even allowing a very wide margin for deductions of different kinds—over-estimates, non-combatants, such as Army Service Corps, Medical Staff, and other details, and daily losses of all kinds, it will be pretty safe to say that before the end of another month our total fighting strength in South Africa ought to be measured by something like the figure, less or more, of 150,000 men of all arms.

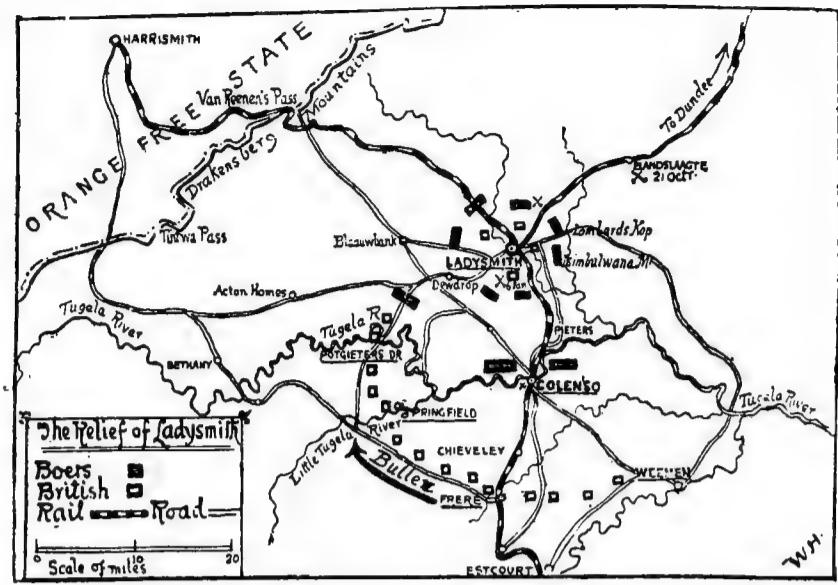
And, as against this figure of ours, what have the Boers to show? The following estimate would really seem to be not very far from the mark:—

Transvaalers ..	40,000
Mercenaries ..	4,500
Uitlanders naturalised since 1897 ..	3,000
Uitlanders naturalised before 1897 ..	5,000
Total Transvaalers ..	52,500
Free Staters ..	27,500
Foreigners ..	2,500
Cape Rebels ..	4,500
Total Free Staters ..	34,500

Grand aggregate 87,000; or to be on the safe side, say 80,000, which works out about four-fifths of the troops that we have at present confronting the Boers, and is far more than a half of what our aggregate fighting strength promises to be in several weeks' time.

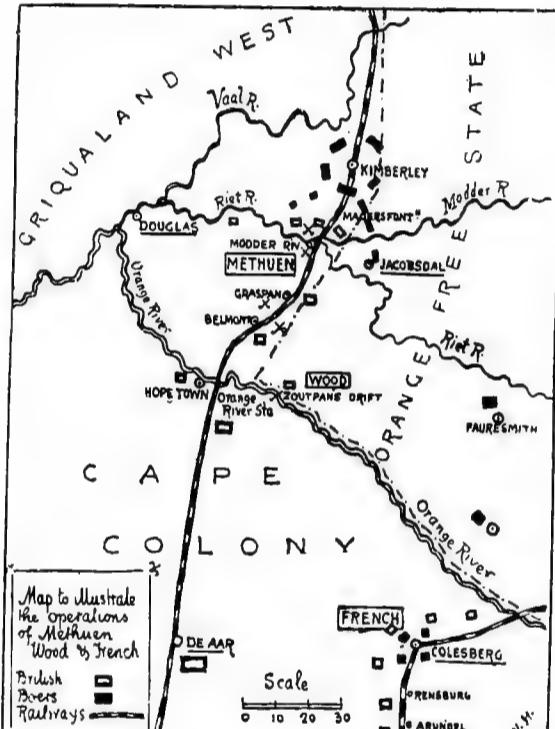
The Ladysmith Fight

It therefore now remains for our commanders to make up for



According to Sir Redvers Buller's telegram, sent from Springfield, west of Colenso, on the Little Tugela River, on the 11th inst., he had advanced northwards from that place and occupied the south bank of the Tugela at Potgieter's Drift, and held there the "pont" or ferryboat. He further stated that the enemy was strongly entrenched in a position about four and a half miles to the north, from both of which directions General Buller, at the time of writing, was presumably advancing. The above map shows the roads into Ladysmith by the east and west. On the east, where General Warren was reported to be operating, a road runs from Estcourt to Weenen, and thence, crossing the Tugela, turns north-westward, and leads into Ladysmith past the strong positions of Lombard's Kop and Isimbulwana, from both of which points the Boers for weeks have been bombarding the town. On the west the direct short road to Ladysmith is by Coenso and along the line of railway, but that, as is well known, is barred by the Boer Army in impregnable positions.

THE OPERATIONS FOR THE RELIEF OF LADYSMITH



Lord Methuen, since his defeat at Magersfontein on Dec. 11, has not ventured upon any serious attack upon the Boer position, which has been steadily extended westward so as to enclose him in a semicircle. Kimberley is no nearer its relief now than it was a month ago. But recently Methuen's force has reconnoitred to the west and east. Colonel Pilcher made a successful raid towards Douglas and brought away from there some of the loyal inhabitants and some rebels as prisoners. On the east General Babington has led a successful reconnaissance into the Free State. On the Orange River (where at Orange River Station the stream is crossed by a great bridge) an important crossing place, Zoutpans Drift, has been occupied by General Wood with a force of all arms, and a post has been established there in the enemy's country. French's campaign at Colesberg is progressing satisfactorily, and he is threatening the rear of the Boer force which occupies that town. With a larger force at command, French could, no doubt, at once compel the evacuation of the place, but, as it is, he is doing all he can with the means at his command. The map shows all the points mentioned. Douglas on the west and Jacobsdal on the east of Lord Methuen at the Modder River, and Zoutpans Drift on the Orange River, forming a link between Methuen's advanced base at the Orange River Station and French at Colesberg.

THE OPERATIONS OF METHUEN, WOOD, AND FRENCH IN THE SOUTH-WESTERN CORNER OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE

what may almost be called our inequality of numbers by superior generalship; and Lord Roberts had not been many hours at Cape Town before a decided improvement in this respect began to manifest itself, but whether *propter hoc* or only *post hoc* need not be too nicely considered. Certain it is that Buller, who has been pursuing a policy of masterly inactivity for nearly a month, or even

since his "serious reverse" at Colenso on December 15, began to wake up and bestir himself on the very day of the arrival of the chief, and next day he announced that he had occupied Potgieter's Drift on the Upper Tugela, some twelve or fifteen miles west of Colenso, and thus practically secured a crossing of the river for the purpose of turning the right Boer flank and passing to the relief of Ladysmith. Contemporaneously with this welcome announcement from Buller came a statement from Sir George White, showing how hard he had been beset by the assault of the Boers on Saturday, the 6th instant, and what it had cost him to repel their attack—a loss of 420 killed and wounded—being 13 officers killed and 28 wounded, with 133 rank and file killed and 244 wounded.

At the same time it must be pointed out that this victory of ours, very decisive of its kind, was won at a comparatively trifling cost when we reflect that out of the 7,464 British soldiers who fought at Inkerman—and Ladysmith is garrisoned by about 9,000—no fewer than 2,487 were placed *hors de combat*. But if thus we lost 420 in killed and wounded at Ladysmith, what must the Boer loss have been?—a loss which fell heaviest on the Free Staters, who, much against their will, were thrust by Joubert into the first fighting line. On the other hand, more ominous and more disquieting than the loss resulting from his repulse of the Boer assault on the 6th, was Sir. G. White's subsequent list of the deaths among his men, showing that the diseases incident to a siege—dysentery and enteric fever—were again on the increase, though from all accounts the spirits of his garrison were as high, hopeful, and determined as ever.

Buller's Camp

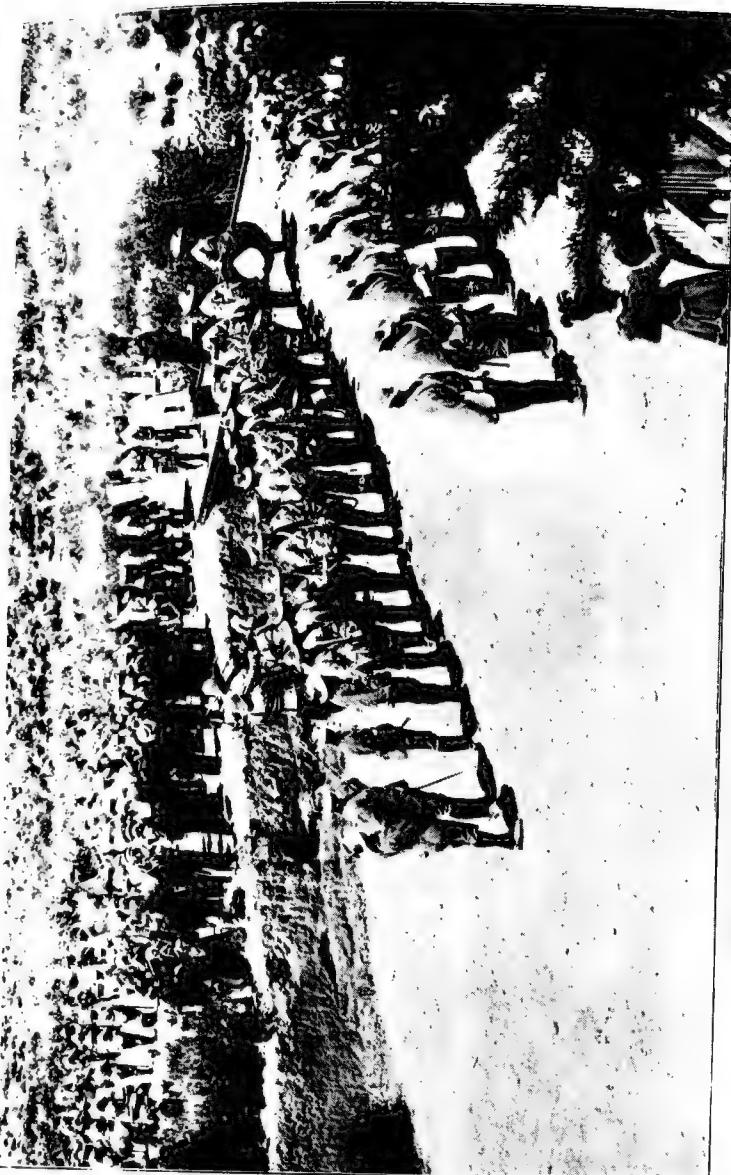
But to the ears of the watchers at Ladysmith no sound of Buller's guns was wafted, while to us in England his movements were shrouded by an impenetrable veil. All that could safely be inferred from various curt and contradictory statements was that an elaborate turning movement of some kind or other by Buller was in course of preparation and parturition, a movement that would either result in a Sedan for the Boers or another Colenso for the British, so that the public in their anxiety for the fate of Ladysmith and their eagerness to divine the intentions of the inscrutable Buller, had but little attention to bestow on the development of affairs in other parts of the theatre of war, though they heard with pleasure that Lord Methuen had not again committed his force to the perils of an offensive movement beyond sending Babington with his cavalry on a three days' successful raid into the Free State towards Jacobsdal; that General French, on his side, had been holding his own in the Rensburg-Colesberg regions, and evengaining ground—isolating the Boers and circumventing them by the very simple process of tackling them with their own tactics; that he, too, like Babington, had been indulging in rapid and daring cavalry raids disconcerting to the Boer mind; and that above all things, a company of the stalwart Yorkshire "tykes," aided by the New Zealanders with French, had charged with the bayonet a body of Boers who had rashly essayed to storm a hill held by them, repulsing them with a loss of twenty-one killed and fifty wounded. All these things, together with the news that Gatacre was beginning to re-assume the offensive in a wary manner, and that Mafeking and Kimberley stoutly continued to hold their besiegers at bay, were pleasant enough to read of; nevertheless it was Buller and his mysterious movements, on which such momentous issues hung, that ever engrossed our varying hopes and fears.

London Co. Wit.

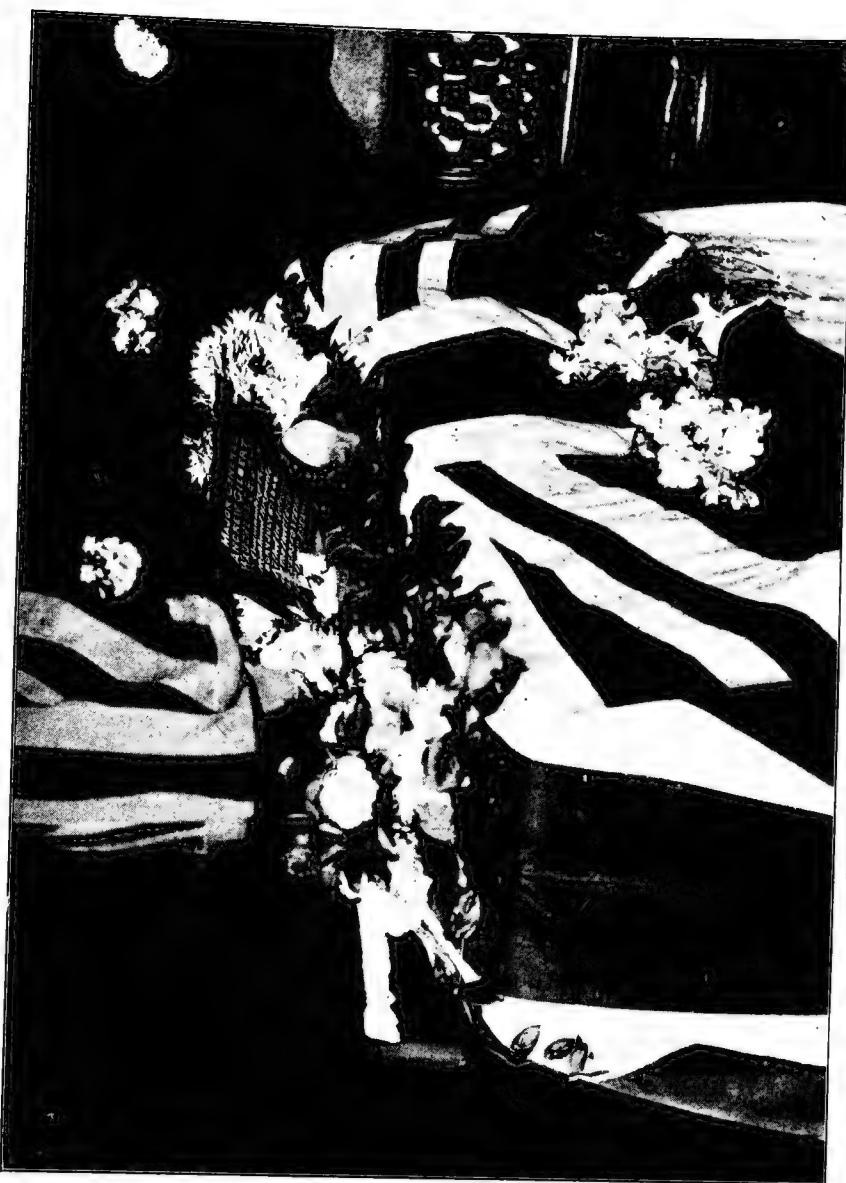
of "The City of London Imperial Volunteers" was admitted into the Freedom aforesaid and made the Declaration required by Law in the Mayoralty of ALFRED JAMES NEWTON Esquire Mayor and Sir WILLIAM JAMES RICHMOND COTTON Knt. Chamberlain and is entered in the book signed with the Letter M1 relating to the Purchasing of Freedoms and the Admissions of Freemen (to wit) the _____ day of January in the 63rd Year of the reign of Queen VICTORIA And in the Year of our Lord 1900 In Witness whereof the Seal of the Office of Chamberlain of the said City is hereunto affixed Dated in the Chamber of the Guildhall of the same City the day and Year abovesaid.



THE C.I.V. AND THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY: THE WARRANT PRESENTED TO THE MEN



THE PROCESSION CROSSING THE MOAT ON THE WAY TO THE CEMETERY



THE COFFIN AS IT APPEARED AT THIS EXHUMATION



THE GRAVE AT MATIEFONTAIN

General A. G. Wauchope, lately commanding the Highland Brigade with Lord Methuen's force, who was killed at the battle of Magersfonte, was first buried on the battlefield on the side of his brave men who also fell in the battle. However, the Hon. J. D. Logan, M.L.A., of Majesfontein, thinking rightly that the late General's family would be anxious, at some future date, to arrange for the reinternment of the body, offered to have it transferred to his own cemetery temporarily. Accordingly, the body was exhumed, and was sent down, in charge of some officers, including Capt. in Kennie, A.D.C. to the late General, and Mr. Logan, who went up with the coffin. The body arrived at Matiesfontein on December 27. Next morning the

by the band of Edinburgh's Own Volunteers and the pipes of the Cape Town Highlanders. When the procession began to move the stillness of the Karroo was broken by the strains of the band. At length the cemetery was reached, and the coffin was carried by men of the 2nd and Black Watch to the church. The first part of the Service was conducted by the Rev. B. Price, Chaplain to the Volunteers along the lines of communication and the second portion by the Rev. Mr. Robertson, Chaplain to the Highland Brigade (who first son at the funeral, 'bod'). Three volleys were fired over the grave, which was surrounded by beautiful wreaths, and the sad ceremony was over. Our illustrations are from photographs by L. L. Edmon, Beaumaris and the West

THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL WAUCHOPE AT MATIESFONTEIN



DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BENNETT STANFORD

REPAIRING DAMAGE DONE BY THE BOERS: MENDING THE LINE NEAR BELMONT



To judge by the articles on the conduct of the war by the military experts of some of the daily papers, there seems to be a considerable waste and neglect of genius somewhere. All these experts know what ought to be done, and no one pays any attention to them. Here, for instance, is a quotation from a daily paper, in which the expert employed by the journal in question offers the following advice:—"I do not know whether it would be possible, but I think it ought to be, to arrange the ships in such a way that the howitzers could be placed on some *suitable* deck so that the men could be drilled at them on the voyage out. Obviously,

as these howitzers are of very nearly the same size as the naval ones, it ought to be safe, with a little extra strengthening of the decks, to allow the howitzers to be both used for drill and practised at sea. That, together with ample room for men and horses to exercise, would be an immense assistance which the Admiralty could confer towards the efficiency of the Army." Our artist has endeavoured to show his appreciation of this excellent suggestion by depicting the scene on a transport in which the advice is carried out.

CAVALRY AND ARTILLERY PRACTICE ON BOARD A TRANSPORT, AS SUGGESTED BY A "MILITARY EXPERT"

DRAWN BY W. RALSTON



In all the stories of the victories won by Lord Methuen we read of British infantry charging the enemy's position and taking it at the point of the bayonet. As our men near the enemy, the fire grows fiercer, but nothing can stop British infantry when well handled. This is the

kind of fighting that the Boers do not understand. But the frontal attacks cost us dear, and success is ultimately won only after the Boers have, from their entrenchments, shot down a large number of our men.

WITH METHUEN'S FORCE: STORMING A KOPJE

DRAWN BY LANCE CALKIN



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

About 500 officers and men of the City of London Imperial Volunteers attended at the Guildhall on Friday last week for the purpose of receiving the Freedom of the City, which it had been decided to confer on all members of the regiment. The men came in detachments, beginning with the pioneer batch. At one o'clock the Duke of Cambridge drove to the Guildhall in order to witness the presentation of the Freedom of the City to the officers and a representative contingent of the men. The Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, who attended in State,

received His Royal Highness at the main entrance. On mounting the dais the Lord Mayor occupied his official chair, and had on his right the Duke of Cambridge, and on his left the Comptroller. After freedom had been conferred upon Colonel Mackinnon, the Earl of Albemarle, Colonel Cholmondeley and about fifty others, the Lord Mayor addressed the new Freemen, and Colonel Mackinnon returned thanks on behalf of the officers and men of the regiment for the honour done them.

THE HONOUR DONE TO THE "LORD MAYOR'S OWN": COLONEL MACKINNON RETURNING THANKS



DRAWN BY C. E. FRIPP

On Friday evening the detachment C.L.I.V., which left on Saturday for Cape Town, attended a crowded and impressive service at St. Paul's Cathedral, at which the Dean of St. Paul's preached. The detachment then marched, amid scenes of great public enthusiasm, to the Inner Temple, where they were entertained at a supper in the hall by the Benchers. Outside the hall there was a guard of honour mounted by the City of London Volunteers, while inside a blaze of light shone down upon the closely packed tables. The

Treasurer of the Inner Temple, Mr. Paget, Q.C., bade the men all a hearty welcome, and supper began. Next came the serious business of drinking the Queen's health. It was proposed by the Treasurer, and it was drunk with frantic enthusiasm in the Benchers' best port. Sir William Grantham then addressed the men and wished them God-speed.

DRINKING THE QUEEN'S HEALTH AT THE FAREWELL SUPPER AT THE INNER TEMPLE

THE DEPARTURE OF THE CITY OF LONDON IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS FOR SOUTH AFRICA

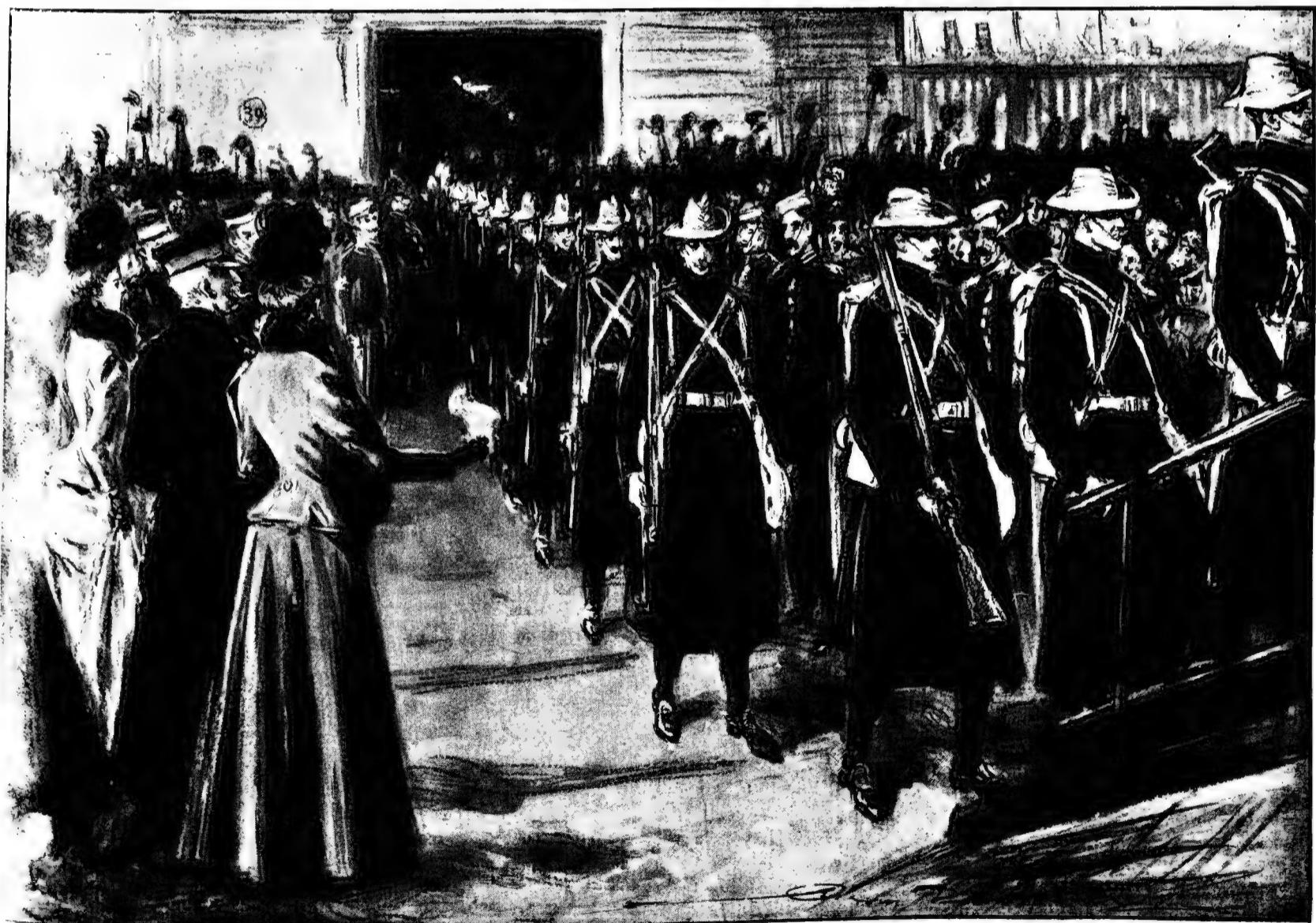


DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

1,100 men of the City of London Imperial Volunteers, who were to entrain for Southampton at Nine Elms Station Saturday morning, marched from the headquarters of the London Rifle Brigade at Finsbury, a considerable distance amid dense and enthusiastic crowds, whose reception of them was indeed so cordial that progress was seriously impeded, and they did not reach the station until nearly two hours after the appointed time. Indeed, there seemed to be one long roar of boisterous welcome for the "Lord Mayor's

Own" all the way. At the gates of the station the crowd were excluded, and it was all the Volunteers could do to pass in so great was the crush. It was a scene of unparalleled enthusiasm, and the first body of Volunteers ever sent to the front must have been gratified at their reception, though they may well have wished it a little less demonstrative, for many of them lost portions of their kit in that wild, cheering crowd.

LONDON'S FAREWELL: FINAL ADIEUS AT THE GATES OF NINE ELMS STATION



DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

Following the "Lord Mayor's Own" past the Mansion House on their way in the early morning to Southampton, the Lord Mayor proceeded in State to Southampton with members of the Corporation, the Lady Mayoress and several distinguished visitors, to witness the embarkation on the Castle liner *Garth Castle*, and the liner *Briton*. The train carrying the civic party arrived soon after ten, and were welcomed by the Corporation of Southampton, and by Sir Donald Currie, M.P., and Sir Francis Evans, M.P., and the two lines of ships who are carrying the Volunteers to the Cape free of charge. After lunch

on the *Briton*, the Lord Mayor and the members of the Corporation went in procession to the *Garth Castle*. There he addressed the men, by that time assembled on the deck, and finished by calling for cheers for the Queen. The response was magnificent. Then the Lady Mayoress wished the men "Good-luck and a speedy return." The whole party then proceeded to the *Briton*, and there again, after the Lord Mayor had addressed them, the Lady Mayoress repeated her few words of farewell. And so at length came to an end a day which will ever be memorable in the annals of London.

"GOOD-BYE AND A SPEEDY RETURN": THE EMBARKATION AT SOUTHAMPTON

THE DEPARTURE OF THE CITY OF LONDON IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS FOR SOUTH AFRICA



John Charlton

The whole of the artillery I had sent back to the attack, namely, the 14th and 66th Field Batteries, and naval 12-pdr field quick-firing guns, the whole under Colonel Long, R.A., were

put out of action, as it appears that Colonel Long, in his desire to be within

range, killing all their horses; and the gunners were compelled to stand to their guns

wagon team, got shelter for the troops in a donga, and desperate efforts were made to

drive out the guns; but the fire was so violent, only two were saved, by Captains — M

and some drivers, who ran — I will name — Captain — D. — and — Captain — J. —

DISASTER! A GALLANT EFFORT TO SAVE THE GUNS

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

Sir William MacCormac has not been long in South Africa before rendering valuable services. He was present at the battle of Colenso, and afterwards operated on several of the wounded, while he was consulted in many difficult cases. He has highly praised the perfect arrangements for the prompt and effective succour of the wounded at the front and all along the lines of communication, and hoped this assurance would relieve

the minds of anxious friends at home. In an interview Sir William said that the rapid manner in which the wounded were brought from the front to the field hospital reflected the highest credit on Major Stuart-Wortley's Volunteer Ambulance Corps. Our illustration shows the celebrated surgeon going a round of inspection in a jinrikisha

SIR WILLIAM MACCORMAC ON HIS WAY TO INSPECT A HOSPITAL AT PIETERMARITZBURG

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE ladies of the committee formed for the purpose of raising funds for the Yeomanry hospital have published an appeal in the *New York Herald* which has been copied into the *Figaro*, where it seems to have created some surprise and admiration. Hitherto Parisians have believed that England sent out her regular army (or mercenaries, as they express it) to fight, while the great body of the gentry and nobility remained indifferently and comfortably at home. That men of means and position should offer themselves voluntarily for a life of hardships and danger seems to astonish them, especially as Lord Chesham, the husband of the lady who writes the appeal, commands the Yeomanry in question. At last, perhaps, France may be brought to believe that the gentlemen of England are not cowards.

Mrs. Paget's tableaux and the masque of flowers, given as far as possible according to the traditions of Ben Jonson, naturally aroused a good deal of curiosity. Almost all the seats for the performance have been sold at high prices, the Queen herself taking one or two boxes. Masques of fair women must always be a pretty sight, especially when designed by capable artists, and the tableaux to follow will, no doubt, be very successful. Rumours reach us of Lady de Grey as Esther and Mrs. Paget as Cleopatra (the same character she took in the ball at Devonshire House). They will be well suited to these parts, yet I confess I should have liked Lady de Grey even better in the guise of a Roman Empress, to which her clear-cut style of beauty is so well adapted.

Is whistling to be the feminine accomplishment of the future? Last we had the lady whistler from America, who astonished us all

by her prowess, and now we have Miss Kate Cutler, who nightly charms her audience with her dainty and finished style of performance. To hear her whistle "Soldiers of the Queen" in the most perfect time and tune, to the muffled accompaniment of drums and violins, is one of the prettiest and most stirring sensations possible. Most whistlers make ugly faces, but Miss Kate Cutler remains charming and pleasant to look at all the time.

The Berlin actress, Madame Sorena, recently gave three fine representations of *A Doll's House* in Paris, where she met with great success. The piece was chosen by Madame Réjane's advice, and the fact remains that Ibsen proves not the grave but the cradle of great artistic reputations. Duse herself is extremely fond of the rôle of Nora, and Réjane has scored her greatest triumphs in the part.

The latest portrait of the Queen—a striking picture by the French artist, Benjamin Constant—will be exhibited at the Paris Exhibition. The Queen is represented in the familiar attitude, seated, wearing a black dress draped with lace, a small crown on her head, and the Order of the Garter across her shoulder. It is curious that most of the portraits of the Queen have been executed by foreign artists, several by Her Majesty's favourite painter, Baron Angely, and now this last one by Benjamin Constant. It seems a pity that neither Sir John Millais nor Lord Leighton were ever invited to show their skill in painting a fine portrait of Her Majesty.

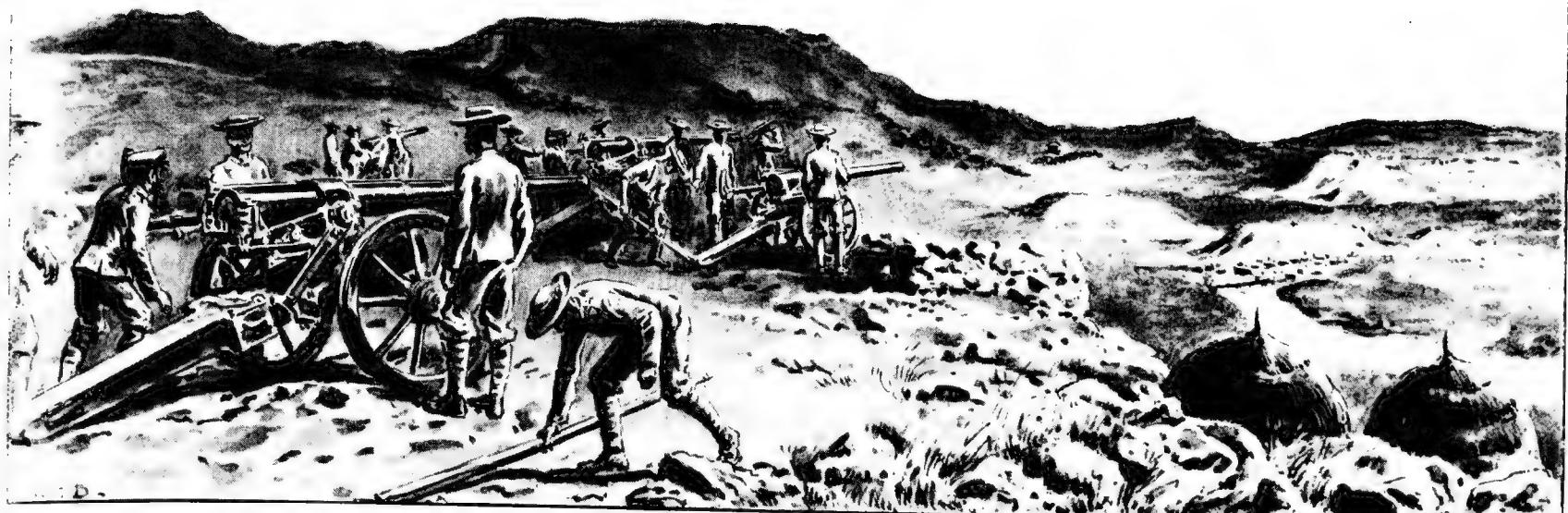
It seems, as Mrs. Lionel Phillips tells us in her amusing book on South Africa, that shoplifting is as common in Pretoria as in Paris or London. At the season of Holy Communion, which takes place every three months, the Boers do the principal part of their shopping, and run up long accounts. Numerous extra officials have to be engaged to note the pilferings of the customers. Unlike us, however, these lapses from honesty do not entail scandals and prosecutions. The amount is simply added to the bill for other articles, and is quietly paid without remark by the offender. I commend the

idea to our large emporiums who suffer from the kleptomania, sometimes absolutely without motive, of irresponsible purchasers. Amongst the Boers one prosecution for theft would entail entire loss of the shopkeeper's custom.

Mrs. Stanley Stubbs is organising a concert for the benefit of the Soldiers and Sailors' Families, at which all the performers will be golfers. Some people may have forgotten that Mrs. Stanley Stubbs was formerly Miss Robertson, sister of Mr. Jack Robertson, whose sweet voice is still occasionally heard in concert rooms, and that she and her sister were for a few years the most popular of singers, having left the ranks of the amateur for the professional. Mrs. Stubbs possessed the sweetest and prettiest of phenomenally high notes, while Miss Fanny Robertson rejoiced in a rich contralto, and her brother in a fine tenor voice. It will be interesting to their admirers to hear this talented family once again.

Convalescent homes for soldiers are almost more wanted than hospitals at the front, for many an invalid warrior returns to England a mere wreck, and for lack of nursing and comforts loses his health for ever. It is, therefore, with satisfaction that one notes people are coming forward to supply their wants. The Miss Keyvers have fitted up their house in Grosvenor Place for the purpose, while Lord Carrington and Sir William and Lady Clayton have offered country houses. So many landlords do not live on their own property, so many large country seats are shut up, or only occasionally used, that we may hope to see this example freely copied. There ought to be no difficulty in finding plenty of airy, bright, and healthy homes, where our soldiers could be accommodated and nursed back to health.

Monte Carlo is this year apparently deserted by the English; all the hotel-keepers are crying out, and rooms may be engaged at phenomenally moderate prices.



WITH GENERAL BULLER'S FORCE: OUR NAVAL GUNS GOING INTO ACTION FROM FREKE CAMP

Music

WAR CONCERTS

ONE £1,100/- was gained by the performance on Thursday at the Haymarket organised by the Princess Christian, who, with her children and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, was present in the Royal box. The programme was partly dramatic, but in the musical portion of it Madame Albani sang three songs, including "The Blue Bells of Scotland," and an effective setting by Miss Frances Allitsen of the patriotic lines "There is a Land," by the late Dr. Charles Mackay. Miss Giulia Ravagli, who seems now to have dropped opera for concert life, likewise sang "The Minstrel Boy," M. Wolff and other artists also taking part. At the Albert Hall to-night there will be a special concert in aid of the War Fund, and ten champion bands from various parts of the United Kingdom will take part. In Yorkshire and Lancashire these bands, most of them formed by the workmen of the district, flourish, and, indeed, their contests during the summer attract almost as large audiences as cricket matches themselves. Valuable prizes are frequently competed for, the necessary funds derived, of course, partly from the gate money and partly from the contributions of employers and others. The training for these contests is severe, and some of

the bands, indeed, have developed into very fine players. Amongst those who will take part at the Albert Hall this evening are the famous Bess o' the Barn from Manchester, the Black Dyke from Bradford, the Hucknall Temperance from Nottingham and the Wyke Temperance from Wyke. One number of the programme, "The Absent-minded Beggar," will be conducted by Sir Arthur Sullivan."

RE-APPEARANCE OF HERR MUHLFELD

The re-appearance of Herr Mühlfeld at St. James's Hall, on Saturday, imparted increased interest to the Popular Concert season, which down to date has not been a particularly striking one. Herr Mühlfeld came here more especially to introduce with Miss Fanny Davies a new Sonata in G for pianoforte and clarionet, by Mr. Jenner, a musician, it is understood, of British origin, although he was actually born in an island off Schleswig shortly before that province was ceded to Prussia. The clarionet part is throughout of more than usual importance, but Herr Mühlfeld, of course, rendered it the fullest justice.

MUSICAL NOTES AND NEWS

The London Ballad Concert season will be resumed at Queen's Hall this (Saturday) evening, and next Saturday the Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts will commence the spring season, thus making a somewhat tardy, though, it is hoped, satisfactory start. During the last week or two the concert business, particularly in the

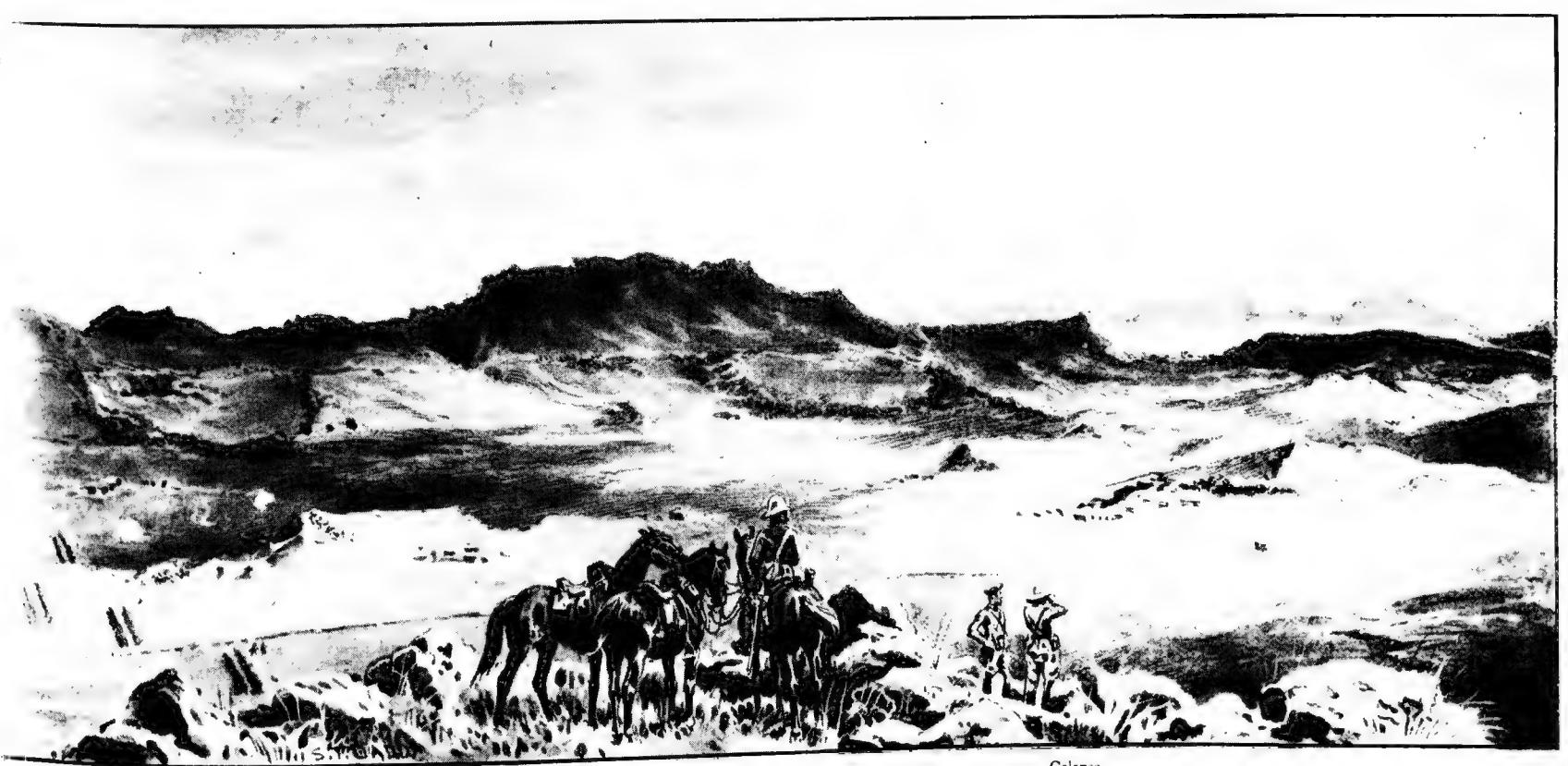
country, where, during December, it was very poor, has picked up wonderfully, so that it is hoped the dreaded "war slump" is practically over. The Curtius Concert Club Concerts have commenced at Prince's Hall, and last Wednesday, owing to a disappointment as to other artists, the recital was given by Herr Schönberger, the pianist, and Mr. Heinz, the vocalist.

Mr. Edmond Depret, who died the other day, was, in the last generation, well known as a society vocalist, but he retired from public life on his marriage, about thirty years ago, to Miss Cohen, a very wealthy English lady. He was a Belgian organist, and later on he dabbled a good deal in composition, particularly in works for the Roman Catholic Church.

The sudden death of Mr. Godfrey Pringle robs us of one of our most promising young musicians. Born on the Continent of a Scotch father and Hungarian mother, he spent a good deal of his early life in Italy, but, on a visit to Bayreuth, at the production, in 1882, of *Parsifal*, in which his sister took part, he was introduced to Wagner, and resolved to make music his profession. He studied under Dr. Stanford, at the Royal College of Music, of which he was one of the most brilliant pupils, and several of his compositions have been produced with success at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere. He was only thirty-two.

The financial results of the recent Norwich Festival were a profit of over 400/-, half of which was on Saturday voted to the local charities. The expenses were more than usual, the chief vocalists, of course, taking the lion's share, and the cost of the band coming next.

Ambulwana



Colenso

The above sketches are of especial interest, showing as they do the ground on which it is probable that a big battle will take place before Ladysmith. If, as seems probable, Sir Redvers Buller is going to attack the Boer position on both flanks at once, the scene here shown will be occupied by the centre of his army.

The view is from the hills upon the south side of the Tugela River, overlooking Colenso, and shows the heights on the north side, which are strongly fortified and held by the Boers. To the right is the long, flat-topped hill, Ambulwana, or Isimbulwana, from which the Boers have been shelling Ladysmith.

WITH GENERAL BULLER'S FORCE: THE PROBABLE SCENE OF A BIG BATTLE NEAR COLENSO

DRAWN BY S. T. DADD FROM SKETCHES BY LIEUTENANT A. ESSEX CAPELL



DRAWN BY F. WHILING

A correspondent at Dunster, Somerset, writes :—“All available horses suitable for mounted infantry and scouting purposes in this part of the country are being bought up by the Government for the front in South

Africa. Some sixty horses were sent to be examined the other day, and twenty-seven were bought after passing the usual tests

BUYING HORSES IN SOMERSET FOR MOUNTED INFANTRY IN SOUTH AFRICA

FROM A SKETCH BY J. G. WITHYCOMBE



The gallant defence of Mafeking has been one of the brightest features in the war. There seems to be every probability that the little town will hold out, the last telegram stating that all was well. The garrison is composed entirely of colonial troops, and is commanded by Colonel R. S. Baden-Powell. A sortie was

made from the town the other day which failed. Our losses were heavy, and the resources of the little hospital staff were sorely taxed, but their efforts to relieve the wounded were ably seconded by volunteers of all kinds. Our photograph was sent out by a special runner

THE SIEGE OF MAFEKING: THE HOSPITAL STAFF AND SOME PATIENTS

"Playing the Game"

By HORACE WYNDHAM

As a more or less go-as-you-please affair, the waging of war, between civilised Powers) has now acquired the exact science. Consequently, it has a definite code of law, and one from which no departure may be less the offender be anxious to incur the well-merited displeasure of the other nations subscribing to the laws in question.

"Law," by the way, in connection with the carrying out of the laws, is, perhaps, something of a misnomer, for,

there are no "laws" on the subject. What there

—and what take precisely the same place—are usages,

been established primarily for securing the protection

of non-combatants, and for mitigating, as may be possible,

the horrors of warfare.

Men neither hastily nor

unadvised; on the contrary,

centuries of time,

men and jurists of

have been distressed

compilation.

best known authori-

contributed thereto—

comparatively recent

been Vattel, Kent,

Bluntschli, Pro-

fessor Lieber, and Sir Sherston

Baker. It is mainly from their

sayings that the inter-

national code now obtaining has

been derived.

When war first went forth to

subdue a war man, on a large

scale, the general barbarism alone

and swiftness of everyman, woman, and child.

Under the rule of the inimical State, it was, by the other side,

held that an enemy, and conse-

quently, a person to be killed at

sight. No fine distinctions be-

tween combatants and non-com-

batants were drawn, and quarter

was neither given nor asked. In

the same way, flags of truce,

provisions, "limation" of intended

and treatment of towns, the sub-

sequent exchange of prisoners,

etc., all the similar amenities

that now supply tend to humani-

ty in war, were, before the last action of the present

times, entirely unknown. A vast

change, however, has been

gradually effected, and the result

is that nowadays the conduct of

war is shorn of much of its

ancient horrors.

In respect, perhaps, is this

more noticeable than in the ruling

which now ensures the immunity

of non-combatants. As a result,

hostilities are only carried on

between the authorised agents

of belligerent nations, such agents

being, but members of the

regular or auxiliary

military forces. Thus

others who, on the

part of the enemy, rise to

advance and protect

property are not combat-

ant. The meaning of the

same way, certain

the community—such as

railway employés, and

correspondents—

have the same privilege

item. The consequence

is that, in the progress

of this, as prisoners of

war, as prisoners of



Matjesfontein is a small village belonging entirely to the Hon. J. D. Logan, M.L.A., who is rapidly developing the place. It lies on the border of the Karroo, on the main line from Cape Town to Kimberley, and is 19½ miles from the former. There is a model station at Matjesfontein, and the mail trains make a stop of 40 minutes here for refreshments on their northward journey. Our photograph is by E. D. Edcombe, Beaufort West

PANORAMIC VIEW OF MATJESFONTEIN, WHERE GENERAL WAUCHOPE LIES BURIED



Three hundred yards to the rear of the little township of Modder River, on December 13, some fifty Highlanders, who had fallen with their General, were buried. The bodies of General Wauchope and other officers were interred in front of the graves of the soldiers. The situation of the graves is picturesque. To the west lies the broad river fringed with trees, to the east lie the heights held by the enemy, while north and south the undulating veldt stretches out to the horizon

THE GRAVES OF THE HIGHLANDERS KILLED AT MAGERSFONTEIN

From a Photograph by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele

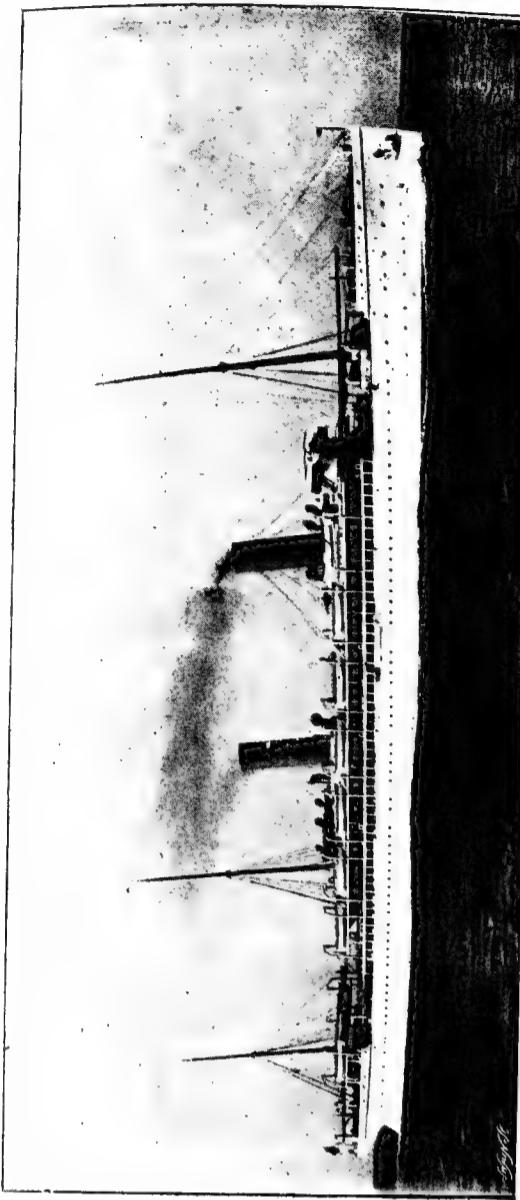


The Boer centre occupied the village, which consequently suffered severely. The Boers were strongly entrenched, but must have found our artillery very galling, if one can judge by the state of the village, which

was all but demolished. Our illustration shows the enemy's fort, in the foreground are their trenches. It is difficult to understand why they could not hold so strong a position

AFTER THE BATTLE OF MODDER RIVER: A DEMOLISHED HOUSE IN THE BOER POSITION

From a Photograph by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele



On the south side of the Modder there is a vast plain stretching as far as the eye can reach along the river. On the east side of the bridge stand the Rossall's junction Hotel and the Farm Hotel—stone buildings with a number of outbuildings of galvanised iron, the whole surrounded by trees. This group of buildings was the centre of the Boer position. Our illustration shows the damage done by our shells

AFTER THE BATTLE OF MODDER RIVER: THE HOTEL AND GROUNDS

From a Photograph by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele



The liner *Briton*, which took away, last Saturday, part of the first batch of the City of London Imperial Volunteers for the Cape, belongs to the Union Steamship Company, which was one of the lines that generously offered a free passage out to the Volunteers. The *Briton* has a gross tonnage of 10,248. She was built in 1898, and is at present the largest steamer in the service of the line

THE SS. "BRITON," WHICH CONVEYED THE FIRST BODY OF C.I.V. TO THE CAPE

From a Photograph by Symonds and Co., Portsmouth



The village forming the centre of the Boer position bears ample evidence of the severity of our artillery fire. Several of the buildings held by the enemy were set on fire by our shells, and many of them collapsed. This photograph of a room in one of the demolished houses is particularly interesting, as the room appeared to have been occupied quite recently by the Boers, who had amused themselves by writing on the wall sarcastic references to the British city of "Remember Majuba."

AFTER THE BATTLE OF MODDER RIVER: IN THE BOER TRENCHES

From a Photograph by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele



The Boer trenches at Modder River, while simple in construction, afforded the maximum amount of shelter it was possible to obtain, and they were arranged with a full knowledge of military strategy. The Boer prisoners state that the plan of battle was arranged by Germans, and this seems to be not improbable. The trenches were shielded by branches of trees stuck in the thrown-up soil, or among the sandbags. The Boers construct their trenches leaving their front trench commanded by others in the rear. They are thus always provided with a safe means of retreat. In the background of our illustration is the kopje of Spytfontein

AFTER THE BATTLE OF MODDER RIVER: INSIDE A HOUSE HELD BY THE BOERS

From a Photograph by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele

Some Impressions of Delagoa Bay

By POULTNEY BIGELOW

It made the heart of an enterprising Yankee ache to look in at Delagoa Bay and see how a swarm of little ginger-coloured officials were wasting the opportunities which a caprice of Providence had placed in their path.

Delagoa Bay owes its great commercial, and just now strategic, importance to two important facts. First, it is the nearest port to the Transvaal. Secondly, it is far and away the best natural port in all South Africa.

Both these advantages are neutralised by reason of Portuguese domination, so that as a matter of fact, on the occasion of my visit in 1896, many merchants preferred to send their goods by the longer route through Natal, via Durban, merely because the Delagoa route offered much risk by reason of rapacious or at least very negligent management at the otherwise more favoured harbour.

The first glimpse of Delagoa Bay made me feel that a successful Jameson Raid would be welcomed by even the most orthodox of humanitarians if it succeeded in expelling the present misrule and placing in its stead the government of any respectable set of white people.

I am not here commanding piracy or brigandage in the abstract, but I call History to witness that what we to-day call the progress of civilisation has been largely made up of movements which might roughly be likened to substituting good government in lieu of what now disgraces the neighbourhood of the fairest port in South Africa.

Let me illustrate.

On arrival at that beautiful port, we anchored in mid-stream and were taken ashore in row-boats. Private companies had over and over again begged permission to erect, at their own expense, wharves where vessels might load and unload with facility; but this eminently practical, if not philanthropic, request had been invariably refused because it might deprive the Government of one more means of extracting bribes from merchants.

As I made my way from the landing-stage to the town, it was through an accumulation of merchandise which reminded me of goods rescued in haste from a great fire or some other disaster. Boxes were smashed, and stuff of the most incongruous description lay helter-skelter as though dropped from some mammoth grab-bag. Imagine the Army and Navy Stores lifted in mid-air and plumped upside down on the swampy, sandy shores of a tropical port—there you have the Custom House of Delagoa Bay under Portuguese rule.

Distracted merchants or forwarding agents wandered amidst the ruins of what had been valuable ship's cargo, hunting for the goods for which they waved the Bills of Lading in their weary fingers.

Here lay a bag of lime, beneath was a sack of rice. Their contents were making a blend which even an ostrich might have regarded as discouraging. Delicate electrical plant destined for a Johannesburg mine lay scattered in the open, while in the heavy sand were countless nuts, bolts and other parts of machinery, all rendered valueless to the men of capital and brain waiting in vain for them at the end of the railway. Barrels of treacle were leaking into goods marked "To be kept dry;" sewing machines, typewriters, church organs, clothing, blankets, furniture, tinware, and crockery—all were knocking about in the open air, not merely at the mercy of rain, but of thieves in and outside of the official lines.

There is no newspaper in this beautiful place, and for obvious reasons. If it told the truth the Governor would send the Editor to goal. If it did not discuss the scandalous state of things, it

resisting temptation, that he will lose no opportunity of getting drunk if drink presents itself in attractive form.

There is, of course, a Portuguese Governor at Delagoa Bay, a fort, an army of petty negroes, officials about as big as Filipinos, and with ancestry about as ambiguous. I was shown maps of the colony which indicated splendid parks, avenues, embankments, plazas, and other adjuncts of a metropolis. None of these things existed, excepting on official paper intended for the public of Lisbon. In 1896 there were dirty streets and shabby houses, two or three vile hotels, and a drinking booth, near which the little military band made music on occasion—and this was called the promenade. There was no such thing as a public conveyance to be had—not even a jinrikisha. The British Consulate stood in lone some dignity on the top of a bluff overlooking the river and harbour—in fact that building represented to me the one hopeful element in the neighbourhood.

There was no American Consul there at the time. Indeed, in all South Africa I do not remember seeing a single American Consul. Tradition referred to one at Cape Town, but while Americans were in trouble in the times succeeding the Jameson Raid, it was from the English authorities and not from their own Consul that help came.

There was once a noble and progressive Governor at Delagoa Bay who was shocked by the number of accidents to ships entering the port. He succeeded in securing a lightship to mark the channel. This was so radical and so violent a reform for a Portuguese Governor that some suspected his sanity. But, on the contrary, it proved to be a very sane and businesslike man—for a Portuguese. Indeed, so businesslike was he that he employed this lightship during the day in carrying bricks and in that way earned a considerable addition to his salary. So ignorant also were they in charge that the lightship was each night anchored in a different part of the bay. Incoming vessels soon came to dread this erratic lightship more than they did the perils of the deep, and it was the cause of more accidents than were ever known before it was invented. It shows us, however,

that, now and then, Portugal produces a Governor who means well, though he may have eccentric ways of showing it.

The principal article of diet in Delagoa Bay, when I knew it, was whisky and quinine. Every man I met had the coast fever, or was in the interval between two attacks. Of course, I, too, caught the fashionable complaint, and it serves, even now, to remind us of that place. I doubt if I should have escaped alive had it not been for the generous help of the British Consul, Mr. Casement, who almost carried me in his arms from his house to the ship, which ultimately landed me at Southampton. England need not hesitate accepting further colonial responsibility so long as she rears Consuls of I stamp. When next I visit Delagoa Bay may it be to call upon H. Excellency, Roger Casement, First British Governor of Mozambique at Government House, Llorenço Marques, Delagoa Bay.



The men buried here died in the hospital at Wynberg of wounds received at the battle of Belmont on November 23.

GRAVES OF SOLDIERS AT WYNBERG

H. Supple

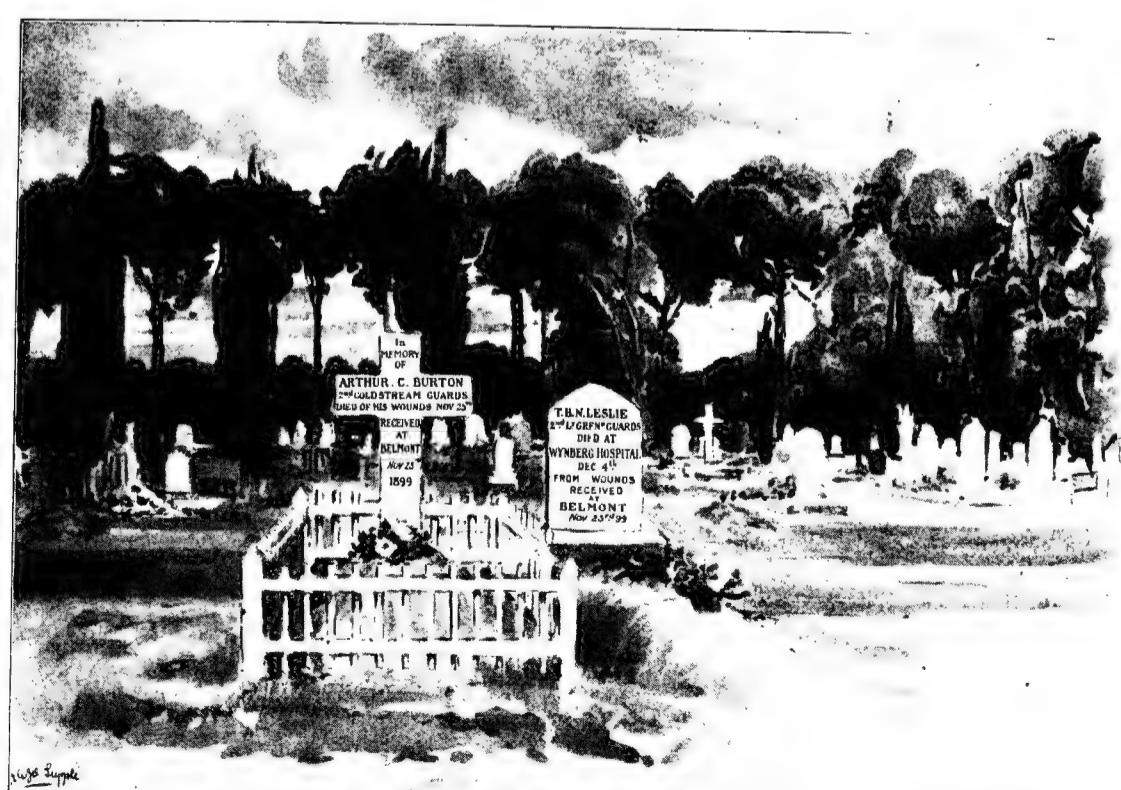
Our sketch is by Hazel Supple

would have no support amongst the only people likely to give it subscriptions and advertisements.

When I speak of Delagoa Bay as a pestiferous port, I mean that it is so to-day, because of bad administration. Durban was unhealthy until England drained the swamps and looked to the sanitation of the place. The Portuguese Government has done nothing for the colony. The natives are debauched by the sale of "fire-water," and the Government encourages this because it brings in a certain amount of revenue. In Natal I saw not a single drunken black. At Delagoa Bay employers of labour told me that it was the curse of the natives that bad rum was thrust at them all along the highways leading to their work. The native is after all a child in a man's body, and while he cordially approves of a law forbidding the sale of strong drink, yet so incapable is he of



Brevet-Lieutenant Colonel Cecil Edward Keith Falconer, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, was killed in the battle of Belmont. He was buried in the cemetery at Orange River. Our illustration is from a photograph by Lieutenant Girdwood



Lieutenant Burton, of the 2nd Coldstream Guards, and Lieutenant Leslie, of the Grenadier Guards, died in Wynberg of wounds received at the battle of Belmont. Our sketch is by Hazel Supple

GRAVES OF OFFICERS AT WYNBERG

THE GRAVE OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL KEITH FALCONER

THE GRAPHIC

EXTREME OBESITY IS BECOMING A THING OF THE PAST.
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The famous BalloonistMR. JUSTICE NORTH
Justice of the High Court (Resigned)THE LATE MAJOR-GEN. J. E. H. PRIOR
Who was to have commanded the 15th Brigade of
the 7th Division in South Africa

Our Portraits

MR. HENRY TRACEY COXWELL was the son of a naval officer, and was born at Woudham, near Rochester, in 1819. At that time ballooning was in its infancy, and as a schoolboy Henry Coxwell's interest in the new science was greatly excited by Mr. Green's ascents from Surrey Gardens. Young Coxwell began by making Montgolfiers on his own account; he witnessed nearly every public ascent when between seventeen and twenty, and in 1844 he made his own first ascent at the White Conduit Gardens, Pentonville. From that time forward his life is one continuous record of ascents, some of them of a most thrilling character. One famous ascent was the thrilling one with Mr. Glaisher, when the pair made the record journey, rising to no less a height than seven miles above the surface of the earth. Mr. Coxwell, who up to 1848 was only an amateur balloonist, and followed the occupation of dentist, continued his ascents up to 1885. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Crystal Palace.

Mr. Justice North, who has just resigned, and has been succeeded by Mr. Burton Buckley, Q.C., as one of the Justices of the High Court, is seventy years of age. Sir Ford North was educated at Winchester College and at University College, Oxford. He was called to the Bar in 1856, took silk in May, 1877, and chosen a Bencher in April, 1881. He was a judge of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice from October, 1881, to April, 1885, when he was transferred to the Chancery Division. Our portrait is by Bassano, Old Bond Street.

Sydney William Herbert Pierrepont, third Earl Manvers, who died from influenza followed by bronchitis, was son of the second

Earl, and was born in 1825. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1846. From 1852 to 1860 he represented South Notts in the House of Commons as a Conservative, vacating his seat on succeeding his father in the title. He was a deputy-lieutenant and a justice of the peace for Nottinghamshire, a member of the county council, and since 1851 had been honorary colonel of the South Notts Yeomanry Cavalry. Lord Manvers married in 1852 Georgine J. E. F. de Franquetot, daughter of the Duc de Coigny, by whom he had three sons and two daughters.

Major-General John Edward Hale Prior, who was to have commanded the 15th Brigade, died on the 8th inst. of pneumonia. General Prior served with a detachment of the 80th Regiment in the Perak Expedition of 1875-6. He went on special service to South Africa at the commencement of the Zulu War in 1879. He



THE LATE EARL MANVERS

was orderly officer to General Buller at the action on the Upoko River, and was present at the battle of Ulundi and in the reconnaissance on the previous day. From 1891 to 1895 he held command of a battalion of the South Staffordshire, only relinquishing it to go to Lichfield in charge of the joint 38th and 64th Regimental Districts. He was still holding the latter appointment when he was gazetted on the 22nd ult. to the command of the 15th Brigade, forming part of the Seventh Division, under Lieutenant-General Tucker.

Lieutenant-General Sir William Stirling, K.C.B., has been given the office of Lieutenant of Her Majesty's Tower of London, in the room of General Godfrey Clerk, C.B., who has vacated the appointment. Sir William Stirling, who has just passed his sixty-fourth year, joined the Royal Artillery in 1853, and was gazetted to his present rank in 1893. He has taken a distinguished part in all the principal campaigns of Her Majesty's reign, which include the Crimean War, Indian Mutiny, Chinese Campaign, and the second Afghan War. He has also held many important appointments to the Royal Artillery Staff, and for five years was head of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The late Lord Lothian was the second son of the seventh Marquis. He was educated at Glenalmond, Eton, and New College, Oxford; and was at one time in the diplomatic service. Among other offices he filled were those of Secretary of State for Scotland, Keeper of the Grand Seal, Vice-President of the Council of Education in Scotland (1887-92), Lord Rector of Edinburgh University (1887-8), and Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal of Scotland, while he was President of the Society of Antiquaries and the Royal Geographical Society of Scotland. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

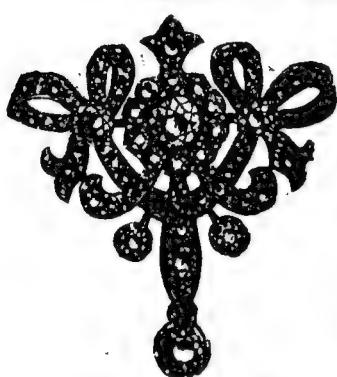
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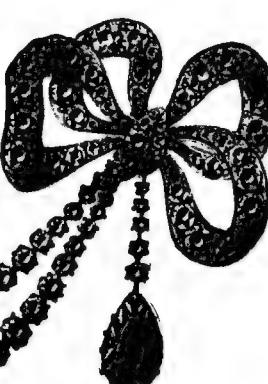
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"That Reminds Me—"

SIR EDWARD RUSSELL'S "That Reminds Me—" is one of the most attractive collections of biographical anecdotes that has appeared for many years. Unlike many, in some respects, similar volumes it is not a mere collection of stories and *bon mots* picked up here, there, and everywhere for the sake of making up a saleable book, nor is it, on the other hand, intended to be autobiographical; rather is it the opening of the doors of the storehouse of a well-filled memory, and the bringing out of a number of stories and incidents of men and things as they are called to mind by the numerous occurrences and statements which come before the author in his daily work of editing an influential newspaper. No attempt is made at chronological sequence; one good story suggests another; and at whatever page the book is opened something interesting will be found; and yet, although the volume is eminently fitted to be dipped into at odd times, there are few that will be satisfied before they have read it conscientiously through from cover to cover.

Sir Edward Russell, both in his capacity of editor and in his private life, has had the opportunity of meeting many leading men of every vocation, of every way of thinking; politicians of all parties, from Gladstone to Croker, the Tammany Boss, actors, writers, bishops, and prizefighters, all have come within his ken, and of all he has something interesting or amusing to tell. "One anecdote," says Channing, "is worth a volume of biography," a quotation which is particularly applicable to this book, the author of which has an aptitude for seizing upon those points of a conversation, those little incidents of a man's career, which throw most light upon his character and individuality.

In the first chapter Sir Edward tells of a conversation he had with a great English writer, whose name he does not mention, but at whose identity our readers will make a pretty shrewd guess. The conversation drifted from one subject to another, from Cecil Rhodes, whom the "great writer" much admired, to the Boers, whom he didn't. The Boers, he said, were in favour of everything benighted, and Mr. Rhodes in favour of everything progressive. Sir Edward remarks:—

Well, but now there was Mr. Schreiner, a good English University man, of high culture, eminent at the Bar, and in the Cape Parliament. He and his sister, author of "The Story of an African Farm," were opposed to Mr. Rhodes. Were they benighted and uncivilised? "No, but they were purely literary"—at which word my great writer sniffed as if he had been a Hannibal, a Bannister, or a Kit-bchner. "The Schreiners regarded the Boers only as interesting creatures to write about." Doubtless a poor way of looking at people, especially if you don't want to write about them. And who would want to write about Boers? You only want to be "shut of them."

The "great writer" said that the Boers were "utterly detestable," and in answer to a question about their religious emotions and expressions, answered "Oh, that only meant that when Kruger wanted things to go his way he howled texts at his people."

You are not to mix up Boers and Dutch. The Dutch are slow enough, but they are civilised. The Boers are neither civilised nor picturesque in their uncivilisation, nor righteous in their conduct towards others. To allow them to have any influence on politics in a place that we have anything to do with is, in the opinion of my great man, and, doubtless, in that of the great man (Rhodes), of whom we were speaking, preposterous.

The volume contains many characteristic stories of Gladstone, Peel, Bright, and other politicians, the majority of which are too long to quote here. Of Beaconsfield he writes:—

* "That Reminds Me—" By Sir Edward Russell. (Fisher Unwin.)

Until he had "arrived," he considered his strong points to be eccentricity, mystery—anything to get notoriety. The very week that he passed into office his manner changed. He was a great actor. He remained solemn and mysterious, but when he became a Minister all the *bizarrie*, all the whim, disappeared. Gait, aspect, everything became grave, and the child of adventurous caprice was visibly the heavily weighted man of affairs.

Among other anecdotes of politicians the following truly characteristic story was told by John Bright of himself to a friend when fishing on the Dee:—

He said that he rarely had any difference with his wife, but that sometimes he had. It was usually about the children. When they came to a point of absolute disagreement, he used to say, "Now, I tell thee if thou doesn't do what I wish I'll go straight to Mr. Gladstone and ask him to make me a knight." Whereupon good Mrs. Bright—who never went to town in the season, by the bye—used at once to agree to whatever John Bright wished, saying, "Oh, anything rather than that!"

Sir Edward Russell is a born *raconteur* and a keen observer. His anecdotes are all good, and there is not a "chestnut" among them. We cannot do better than advise our readers to procure the book at once and peruse it while the stories are still fresh, and not wait until they are served up again, as they assuredly will be, by the biographers and other writers of the future.

"Primeval Scenes"

AN amusing folio, for which the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson is responsible, is conceived on much the same lines as Mr. E. T. Reed's famous historic peep in *Punch*. In point of fact, Mr. Hutchinson, after seeing some of Mr. Reed's drawings, offered him material and suggestions. But the *Punch* artist was content to be merely funny without regard to geological accuracy. To make a quaint picture he never scrupled to introduce human beings into a scene with forms of life which existed only countless ages before man trod the earth; and Mr. Hutchinson, who is a naturalist, has so felt the enormity of mixing together primary, secondary, and tertiary forms of life that he has compounded a strictly accurate set of glimpses into the prehistoric past. Not being an artist himself he has persuaded Mr. Hassall and Mr. Burridge to work out his ideas, while he has contributed light explanatory letterpress. The result only confirms one in an already formed opinion that those were not the days in which to enjoy the happy life. ("Primeval Scenes.") By the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson. Illustrated by J. Hassall and Fred V. Burridge. (Lamley and Co.)



BATHING IN OLD FATHER THAMES. DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL
Reduced Illustration from "Primeval Scenes." By the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson. (Lamley and Co.)

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New Novels

"THE SHIP OF STARS"

MR. A. T. QUILLER-COUCH's "The Ship of Stars" (Cassell and Co.), gracefully dedicated to the Right Hon. Leonard Courtney, is, as a story, more interesting than likely. Cornwall, however, and its novelists, have their special privileges; and, moreover, it is exceedingly probable in this case that what seems unlikeliest is just the likeliest to be true. But, as the author himself says, "A novel ought to be true to more than fact;" and he has been amply consistent with his theory. As in all his best work, the interest of his

plot is subordinate to that of his pictures of Cornish character; but to "The Ship of Stars" is added a third interest—that of motive:—

"I don't understand the ending at all," said Honoria. "What is a Ship of Stars?"
 "Haven't you ever seen one?"
 "No."
 "I have. There's a story about it—"
 "Tell me about it."
 "I'll tell you lots of stories afterwards; about the Frog King, Aladdin, and Man Friday, and The Girl who Trod on a Loaf."
 "And the Ship of Stars?"
 "N—no." Taffy felt himself blushing. "That's one of the stories that won't come—and they're the loveliest of all."

In truth, many stories came to Taffy as and when he grew up, but it was just what should have been the loveliest, *his* Ship of Stars, that is left untold by Mr. Couch, though not, we fancy, by readers who know how to read beyond the end. But neither fancy nor second sight is needful for the enjoyment of the local colour, human and otherwise, often humorous, and sometimes, as in the case of the hunting of Squire Moyle by his own mad hounds, decidedly grim. Mr. Couch's novels are Cornwall, and this is among the best of them.

"THE CROWN OF LIFE"

In "The Crown of Life" (Methuen and Co.), Mr. George Gissing has made what is in most important respects a notable departure from his former methods. And, as is by no means always the case with new departures, his new method is a great improvement upon the old. In point of style alone he and his readers are to be congratulated upon his having successfully thrown off certain obscurities and other mannerisms that were threatening to become inveterate; indeed a greater amount of matter, interesting in itself, has seldom been presented with equal force, directness, and lucidity. The story has three distinct but inseparable aspects. In the first place it is the simplest of love tales; in the second, a piece of exceedingly complex portraiture; in the third, the mutual bearings, requiring exceptional insight to perceive, of private lives and public affairs. That Piers Ottway, when a mere lad, fell in love with Irene Derwent at first sight, and remained constant to an unrequited love for eight increasingly hopeless years till, all of a sudden, life won its crown—that is the story in its simplicity. That one so apparently incapable of constancy, so impatient, so impulsive, so easily impressionable, and so sensuously tempered, should have carried such

constancy across the gulf between boyhood and manhood—that plot in its complexity. And all this is in the highest degree pathetic and convincing. But the main interest of the work be found in the handling of matters at present uppermost in minds—Imperialism in theory and practice, and War, and so forth, which are talked about as real men and women talk about them, only with much more sharpness of wit, and ness of hitting. As a dish of political heterodoxy the mentally stimulating; and, if all that be skipped (though unlikely), every essential element of interest remains. "The C of Life" is unquestionably its author's best work, so far.

"SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY"

Katharine Tynan is fortunate indeed in the possession of an inexhaustible inspiration as the charming Irish girl, Graydon, who "walks in beauty" and in every other fast quality through the present novel (Smith, Elder, and Co.) hearts of its hero and its readers, has but one rival to his sister Sylvia. Both are among the author's best successes in own line; and we cannot wonder at her not having had the affliction more than was absolutely necessary to give in their story before it closes in every sort of happiness for ever all round. The pleasantly simple plot turns upon the conventional device of an intercepted letter. But it is not the sisters, but their wild flower-like ways that will take the captive, and these the authoress must be left to present as knows how.



It is explicitly understood that though on ne'er side are natives to be employed to fight, there is a prevent native labour being used by the belligerents. Thus, at Mafeking, they help to dig the entrenchments, etc., and here in our illustration, which is from a photograph by Dennis Edwards, some Zulu women are threshing corn at Zoutpansburg for the Boers.

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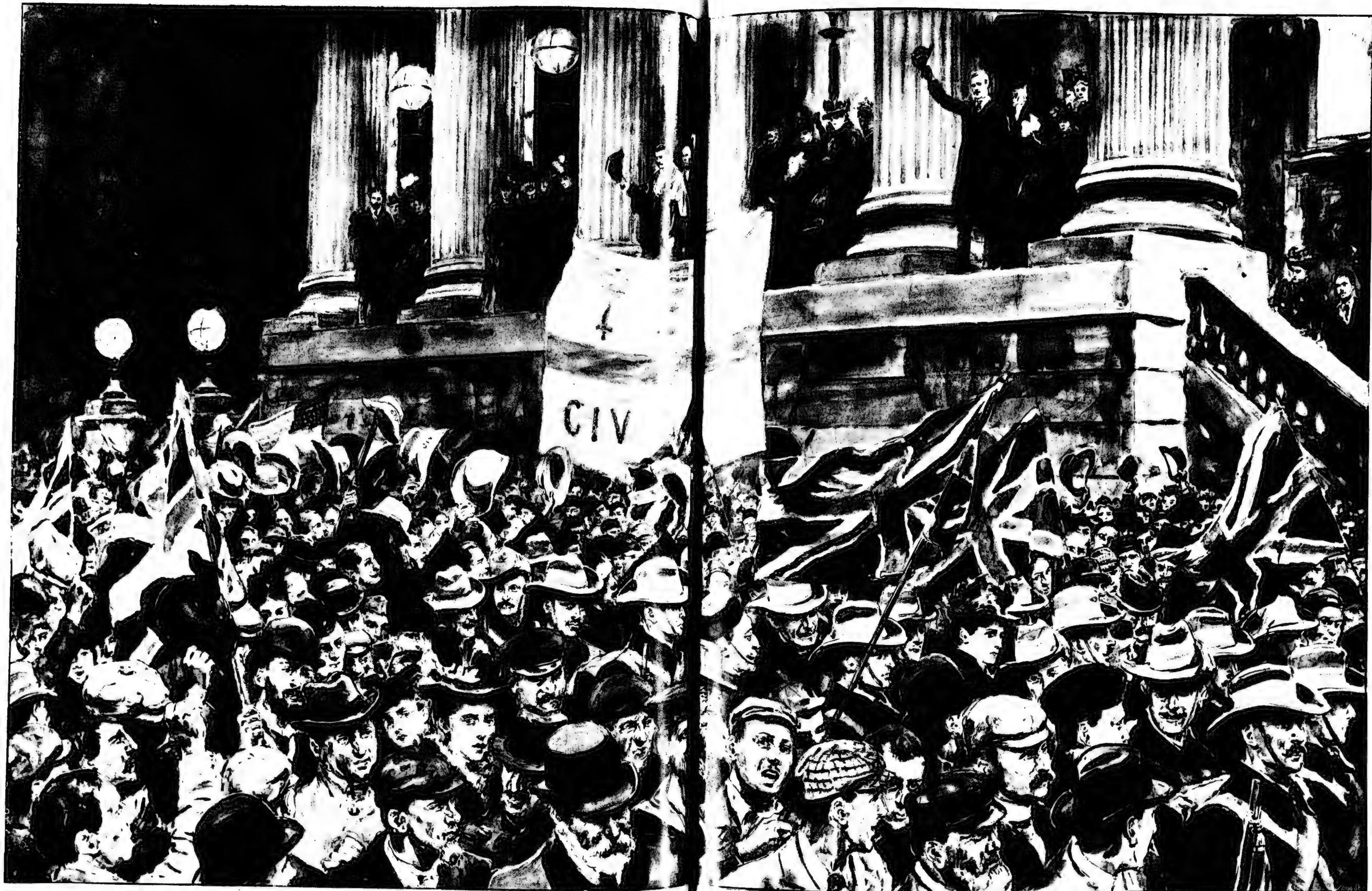
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At 7.30 to eight was the Mansion House reached, for it was a struggle all the way. In the dim morning light, the Lord Mayor in his robes, the Lady Mayoress and other ladies, the Sheriff and some

London Imperial Volunteers, ring, with a crown and a sword in front, letters C.I.V. Slowly the Volunteers waded their way through the dense crowd. Their order was to assemble on the balcony to cheer the Volunteers, while beneath hung the new banner of the City of

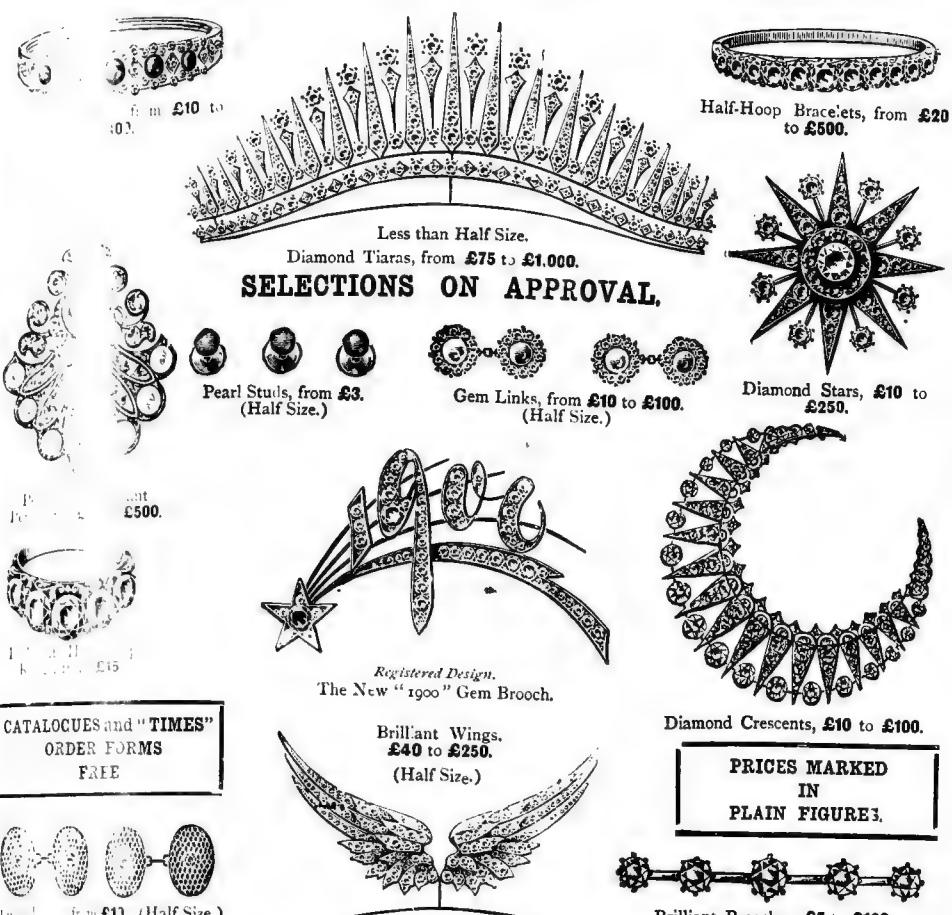
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GURAL Notes

THE SEASON

THE colder touch on the year is welcome to many, and will be the more so now that the "modern" idea that high temperature means a low death-rate has been dispelled by the occurrence of a very heavy mortality in weeks of exceptional mildness. There are, however, many feathered sufferers from a spell of severe frost, and those who love song birds about their homes will do well to see, whenever it is at all frosty, that there is both food and open water available. The months of January and February, 1895, are reported

as affording a bite of grass quite rare at this time of year. The rainfall of one and a half inches in the first half of January has been opportune.

THE POTATO IN IRELAND

Everything goes to show that the potato is losing its pre-eminence as an Irish dish. There are, it is true, whole counties where it is still in unabated favour, but then there are others where it was twenty years ago the chief diet of the peasantry, but is now almost entirely neglected. It is replaced by foreign flour, mostly American bakers' grades at about 10s. per sack, and 1s. maize meal at about five guineas per ton. As the price of potatoes was never more than half this, the increased prosperity of Ireland in the districts



EVENING GOWN

Of pale blue satin and lace. Lace has application of chrysanthemums in shades of pink and white satin raised. These flowers appear on corsage, which has also silver sequin embroidery.

TEA GOWN
Of pale pink mousseline de soie. Draped train of pink satin brocade. Transparent yoke and sleeves have lace and guipure and pearl embroidery. Rosettes of shaded pink chiffon. Sash of deep pink crêpe de Chine, with fringe of pearls.

to have killed one half the thrushes in England, and the increase of song birds after the mild winters of 1897 and 1898 was marked. The wheat is prepared for either cold or thaw, for it is not winter-proof so as to fear mildness, and its natural hardiness of growth needs weeks of continued frost before the roots are hurt. The young lambs, which in Southern England are already becoming a care, sustain much more injury from wet than from cold. Dry and mild weather is the shepherd's *lumen bonum*, but after that dry and cold. The losses to the flock in a season that is both cold and wet are deplorable. The barley sown would welcome a month of frost to thoroughly break up the surface soil and create a fine tilth of friable earth, but gardeners and the growers of green vegetables naturally prefer a temperature somewhat above freezing, though even they are no believers in excessive mildness. The meadows

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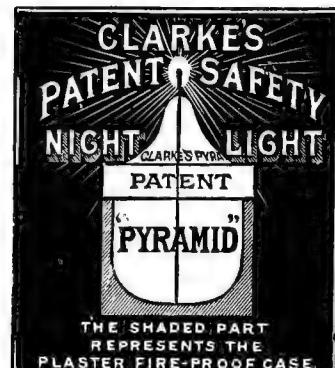
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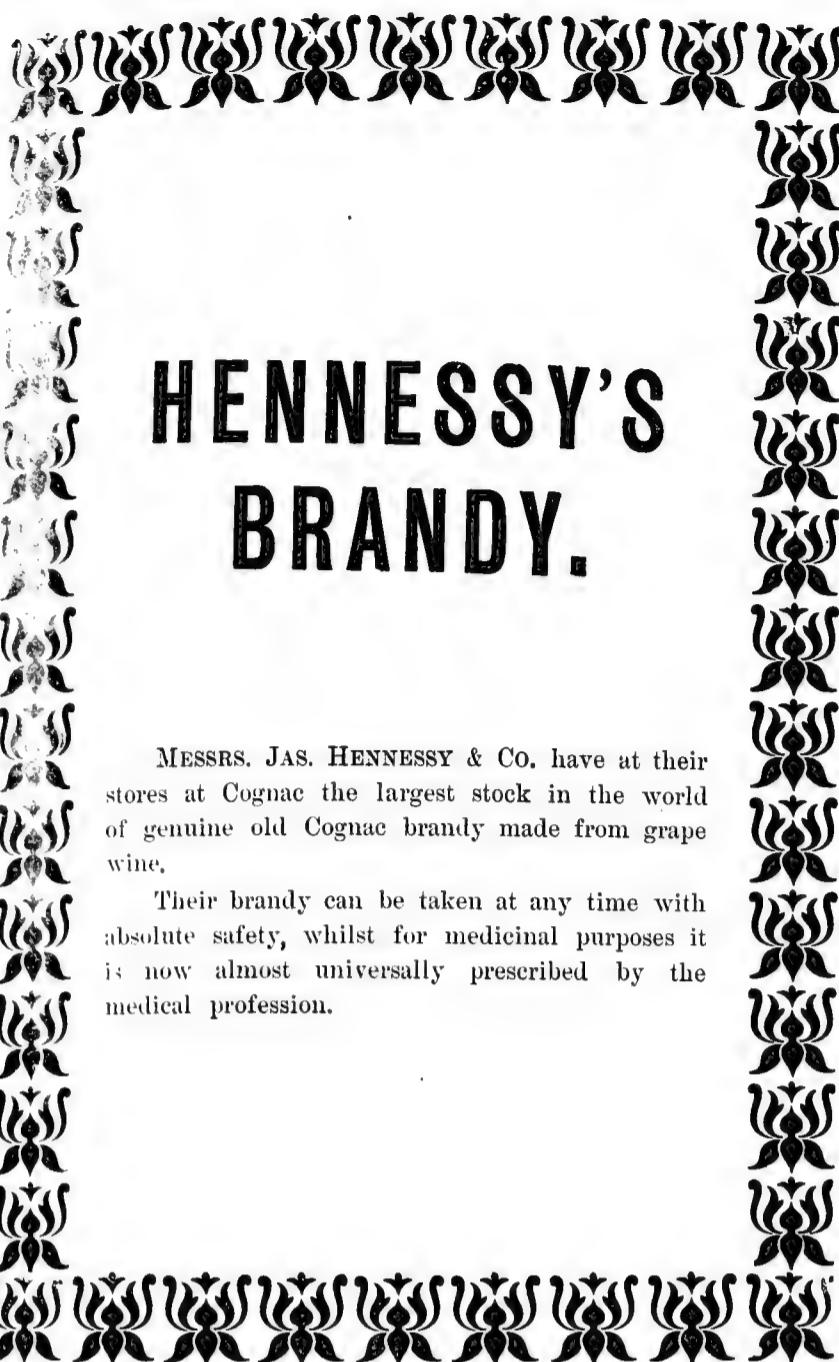
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For ONE GUINEA the Company will send Post Free a Special Necklace of these beautiful Pearls, mounted with Gophir Diamond Cluster Clasp.

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An orchestra
for
every house



UPPOSE YOU could have in your home an orchestra, and when you wanted music you had but to make a request and it would be immediately complied with. Suppose too (as long as we are only supposing it does not matter how improbable we are) that this orchestra could play any piece of music ever composed without waiting to study or practise it. If you wanted a programme of operatic music you had only to mention the particular selections you wished to hear and they would be promptly rendered.

Suppose you had some friends spending the evening and wished to dance. Your orchestra could play waltzes, lancers, two-steps, and polkas with such perfect time and rhythm that the pleasures of dancing would be immeasurably increased. Suppose you were alone and your mood called for some particular piece—some old-time favourite—very likely you would have your own conception of the manner in which it should be played. Suppose that you found that you could conduct this remarkable orchestra yourself—direct its playing according to your own ideas and wishes.

And finally, suppose that the playing of this orchestra was exceptionally fine—so good, indeed, that great musicians such as Paderewski, De Reszke, Nordica, Campanini, and others equally as famous, had employed it to entertain them with its playing; so good that people of wealth and culture everywhere sought it for their homes—people with means sufficient to enable them to enjoy all that is best in art and music, and all the pleasures and recreations that money can purchase.

Suppose we tell you that you can have this orchestra in your home, that you can have music at any time, that you yourself can play any piece of music ever composed, even if you literally "can not tell one note from another."

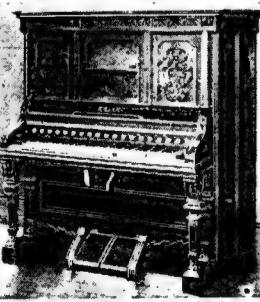
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Aeolian supplied to Her Majesty Queen Victoria

longer dependent on potatoes would seem to be suggested. The matter would be wholly satisfactory if we could be sure that the land formerly devoted to potatoes was more profitably cultivated.

CHANGES IN OUR AGRICULTURE

Mr. Rew, of the Board of Agriculture, is one of the most suggestive of speakers, for he seldom touches on the matters which are within his office without revealing some new or, if not now new, neglected point of view. In addressing the Durham farmers last week he put the changed tendency from arable to pasture in a brief and pregnant manner. In 1869 the British Isles were, on the whole, more devoted to arable than to pasture; to-day the reverse is the case. In 1869 the excess in favour of arable was not large, in 1899 the excess in favour of pasture was not large, but Mr. Rew is doing good service in pointing out that the balance of power can never be shifted without far-reaching effects to the country trade, or industry, in which it occurs. The second point made by the speaker was that, on the whole, the English farmer tends to become a cattle breeder rather than a sheep breeder.

There must be increased resources to pay for the more expensive animals, and it is not a bad sign as a whole. Still, it has its drawbacks, and while the number of cattle kept on our farms is not excessive, there is urgent need for augmentation of our flocks.

LAND IMPROVEMENT

There are some excellent provisions in the Act which became law on January 1, but there are other clauses that set us wondering if a strong Radical Government could go much further than a professedly Conservative Administration has done in destroying what are called "the privileges" of the landed interest. The clauses which enable any owner to impose a forty years' rent charge on land for the sake of improving it will meet with little besides commendation, but there will be two opinions concerning the power given to an owner of two separate properties to levy a rent-charge on one in order to improve the other. Let us imagine an owner of good orchards in Kent and of poor undrained pastures in Wales. He will be allowed to fix a heavy rent-charge on the Kentish orchards in order to drain the Welsh meadows.

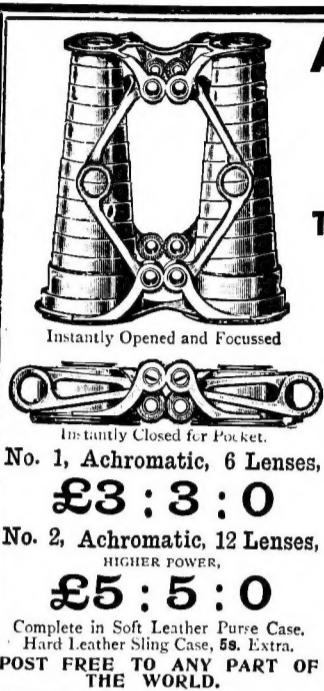
Whilst he owns both properties there may be no great injury done, though even then the Kentish orchards, being already encumbered, will suffer from want of money available to replant when the time comes that that operation is necessary. It will, however, be when the property comes to be divided that the most serious inconvenience will be felt. On the whole, we may be excused wishing that the new Act, while encouraging land improvement out of land revenues, had not allowed one property to be encumbered for the benefit of another, situate possibly in another part of the country.

KALE

The favour with which kale is regarded by farmers is on the increase, and might justly be still further extended. Kale is a hardier than the average root crop, and it stands frost well. With the first spell of mild weather it puts out vigorous shoots, and, properly sown, i.e., at duly studied and successive weekly intervals, it should provide excellent green food from March 1 to May 31, a period which on many farms may fairly be called one of crisis.

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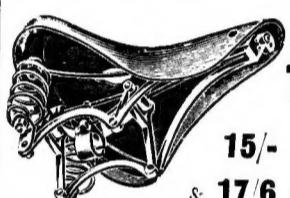
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as made by us is delicious, soothing, and restorative. We aim at supreme excellence also, in flavour and fragrance, and we believe we have attained both.

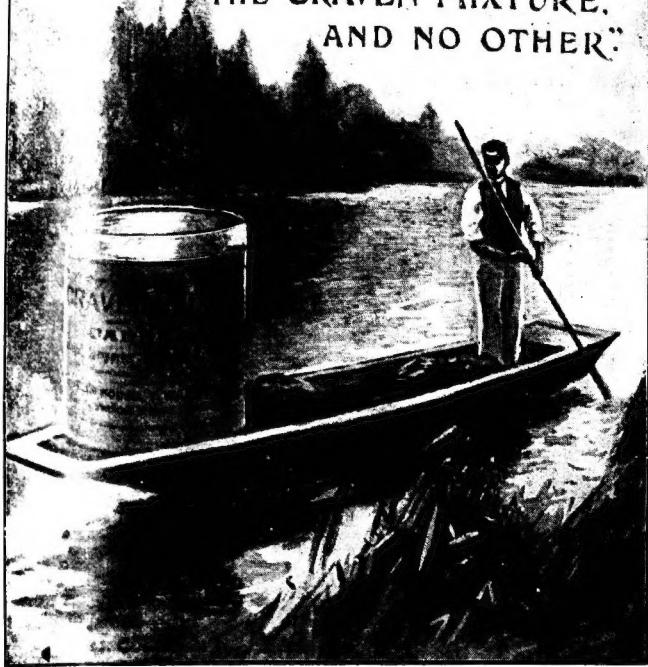
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